

William Gass: *iOle!* for the Latin American Novel

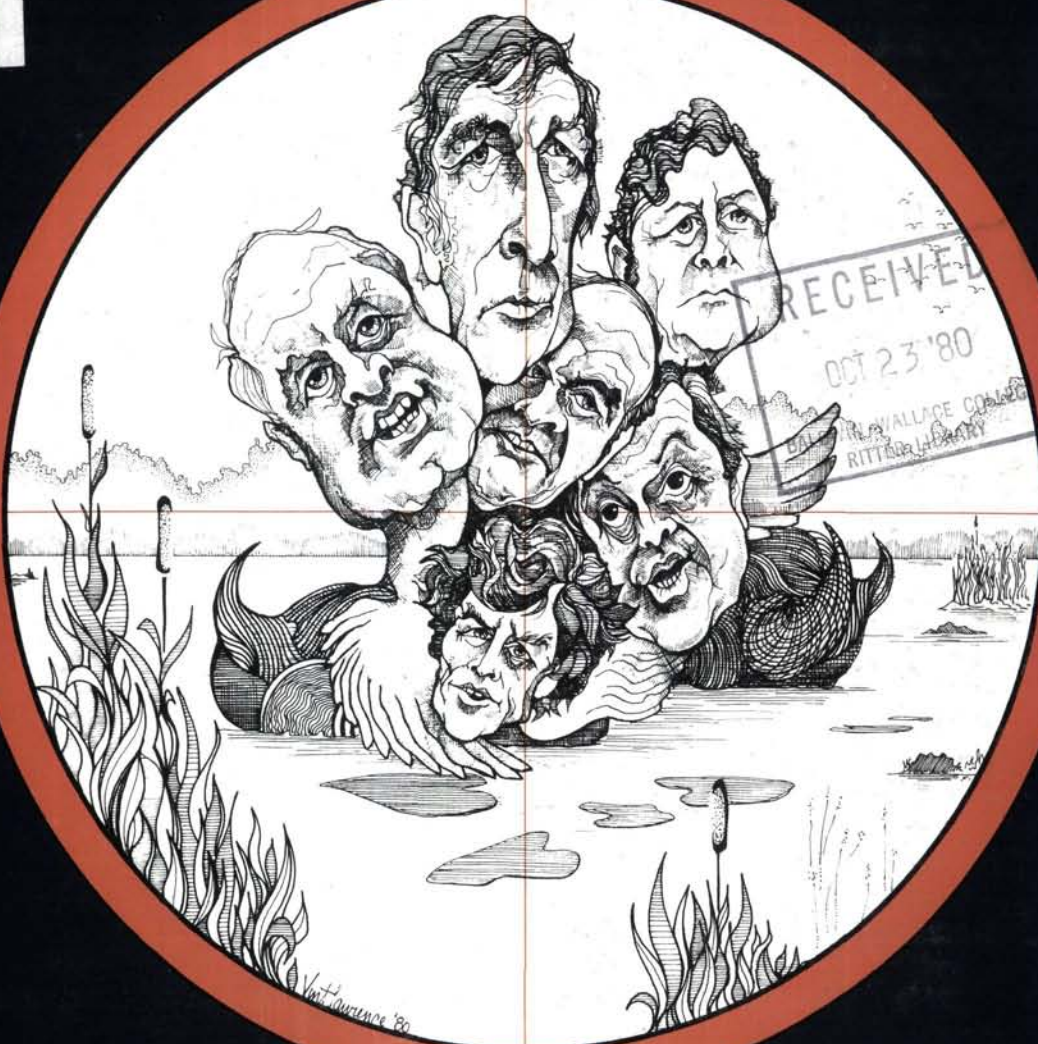
Michael Walzer Renews the Social Contract • John Osborne Backs Jimmy

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Pompous Armies

Ronald Reagan (if elected) will be our most simplistic president since Warren Harding. He will uphold the fine old American tradition of the second rate. Brand Whitlock wrote in his journal after Harding's nomination, "I am more and more under the opinion that for President we need not so much a brilliant man as solid, mediocre men." *Time* senior correspondent Laurence J. Barrett last week in a perceptive analysis discussed "the most troubling question about Reagan": "Put starkly, that question is whether he is smart enough to be president. . . . The evidence about Reagan is at best mixed. . . ."

Barrett shouldn't give it a second thought. The nation isn't looking for great men in the White House, it is looking for comfortable, commonplace men who can assume a stance of dignity. It was said of Harding's oratory that it consisted of "an army of pompous phrases moving across the landscape in search of an idea." Or again, that his masterful obfuscation of the League of Nations issue in the 1920 election was his "supreme intellectual achievement." Ronald Reagan, another affable conservative at a time when the nation is racing to the right, needn't feel envy over this. The unfortunate Democratic candidate in 1920, Governor James Cox, kept demanding that Harding come out and explain his position on the League. Today President Carter demands that Reagan explain his economic rationale: how will he slash taxes, raise defense expenditures, and simultaneously balance the budget? The London *Economist* notes Reagan's "right-wing simplicities" with appropriate awe: "[He] promises jam today, with tax cuts, without public-spending cuts, and with extra money for defense." It's quite a trick.

Take a nostalgic trip with me back to Harding's time when a Model T road-

ster sold for \$290 (demountable rims and self starter were \$55 extra—and you could get one in a color like fawn gray), when the economics of normalcy had been installed, when the Cabinet was recruited from the best minds, when workers at US Steel had a 12-hour day, a seven-day week, and an extra 24-hour stint once a fortnight. The nation was going through a post-war settling period with the three Ts dominant: taxes, tariffs, and treaties, but never mind that: just ahead a great boom beckoned.

Harding wasn't much for brains, of course, but so what? He had three powerful men in his Cabinet to do his thinking: Charles Evans Hughes, secretary of state; Herbert Hoover, secretary of commerce; and as secretary of the treasury, Andrew Mellon, one of the two or three richest men in America. (Reagan will have a powerful Cabinet, too, we are assured; he had strong men around him when he was governor of California.) Harding was surrounded by businessmen who knew exactly what they wanted. There were crooks, too, of course, like Albert Fall, Charles Forbes, and Harry Daugherty, with oil tycoons Harry Sinclair and Edward Doheny enticing them, but Reagan, fortunately, is too smart for anything like that. He wants a simple turnover of government to corporation executives and business, away from the hateful bureaucrats. He knows (or at least at one time has said) that unemployment insurance is a "prepaid vacation plan" for "freeloaders"; that "virtually all Americans have access to excellent medical care today"; that "air pollution has been substantially controlled"; that Mount St. Helens has released more sulfur dioxide than "the last 10 years of automobile driving." On foreign affairs he will take no nonsense from the Russians; he wants "overall military and technological superiority over the Soviet Union." It's that simple.

Harding was the handsomest president since George Washington and it was appropriate that he was a publisher, because the media then was taking over the election process. Now Reagan is a handsome, ruddy-faced, attractive man too, and it is appropriate that he should be an ex-actor and television performer when TV is now the crucial instrument in selecting and electing our presidents.

And finally a word about oratory. I heard poor Carter giving a campaign talk at the National Press Club last week about economics—too fast, too solemn, too detailed, too intellectual,

over the heads of the press, who hardly bothered to report it. Reagan (like Harding) isn't like that; Harding used to luxuriate in his splendid phrases, "bloviation" he called it. We had a touch of that in Reagan's inspirational wind-up at the League of Women Voters' "debate," a purple passage in closing: "I've always believed that this land was placed here between the two great oceans by some divine plan," said Reagan with a catch in his throat. "It was placed here to be found by a special kind of people. . . ." The passage went on eloquently to say that "we built a new breed of human, called an American," and he ended with quiet assurance that with this new breed "we can meet our destiny, and that destiny is to build a land here that will be for all mankind a shining city on a hill."

Splendid, eh? That's oratory. Even Harding couldn't do better. Unfortunately, there are doubters. *Newsweek* in a special report from the Detroit convention called him "the most conservative candidate for President since 1964." The *New York Times* asks querulously why he doesn't announce his energy policy. (Don't they know that the candidate already has defined it succinctly in six words: "America has an abundance of energy.") Or, again, that article in *Time* last week in which the writer reviews what he hatefully calls the "zigzag evolution of his economic program." The program, of course, calls for cutting personal income taxes by 30 percent over three years on the appealing theory that this will create enough enthusiasm among beneficiaries to generate extra revenue to meet the deficit. The magazine's nasty analysis concludes, "In retrospect it now seems clear that Reagan did not really understand the implications of his position." Nonsense! Anyway, Harding didn't always understand what he was saying either.

Reagan is tenacious in his views; I think Harding was a softy compared to him. Reagan is determined to have military superiority over Russia. He would scrap the "fatally flawed" SALT II agreement, which may be the last hope of averting an arms race. But so what, let's have an arms race! As Reagan told the Associated Press on October 1, "The one card that's been missing in these negotiations has been the possibility of an arms race." Thrilling, eh?—that's *machismo*, that's Hollywood. It scares our European allies, but they are sissies. Harding would take no nonsense on that other over-idealistic treaty, the League of Nations. How can you keep men like that out of the White House?



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October 25, 1980



Democrats for Congress

We oppose President Carter's reelection this year not because we wish to abandon our traditional Democratic party allegiance, but for the opposite reason. Jimmy Carter has not served the cause of the Democratic party either in theory or in practice. Sometimes a Keynesian, sometimes a monetarist, sometimes a decontroller, sometimes a bureaucratizer, sometimes a disarmar, sometimes a saber-rattler, Jimmy Carter is a man without a philosophy. These past four years he has been a tinkerer and a muddler, an ideological wanderer, and his actual performance has been abysmal. For the latest evidence, we have only to examine the current condition of the economy. We are not recovering well from Carter's 1980 recession. Inflation is up again, interest rates are up, houses can't be bought, and the prospect for 1981 is another recession. If Carter is reelected, this spells disgrace and defeat for liberals and the Democratic party—a Republican majority in Congress in the off-year election in 1982, an utterly immobilized government between 1982 and 1984, and probable total public revulsion at Democratic rule in the 1984 presidential election.

Four years out of the White House could be years of repair for the Democratic party. Intellectual repair, for one thing. The Democratic party needs time to think about new ways to match its traditional compassion for the weak with the new realities of a weakened American economy. The party needs to repair its organizational machinery, which has been cannibalized these last four years to run Carter's reelection truck. The party also needs to alter its presidential nominating system so that its strongest, most experienced candidates have the advantage, rather than amateur nobodies like Jimmy Carter.

For the Democratic party to revive itself, however, it must retain a strong congressional base, a locus of power and also of debate. Congress is likely to remain in Democratic control this year, but some of the party's most imaginative and energetic leaders are in danger. Although we have periodic differences with some of these individuals on particular issues, in general they have served their cause and ours well. We endorse them to keep the Democratic party alive and thinking. And we endorse them because their influence should be felt in choosing the next Democratic presidential nominee.

For the Senate, we endorse state representative Clark S. Gruening in Alaska; incumbents Dale Bumbers in Arkansas, Alan Cranston in California, and Gary Hart in Colorado; Representative Christopher Dodd in Connecticut; incumbents Frank Church in Idaho, Birch Bayh in Indiana, John Culver in Iowa, Thomas Eagleton in Missouri, John Glenn in Ohio, George McGovern in South Dakota, Patrick Leahy in Vermont, Warren Magnuson in Washington, and Gaylord Nelson in Wisconsin. In New York we urge a straight Liberal party ticket: Anderson for President, Javits for the Senate.

In the House we urge a special effort for the following liberals struggling in tight races: Morris Udall in Arizona; Norma Bork, John Burton, James Corman, Tom Lantos, and Carey Peck in California; Timothy E. Wirth in Colorado; Joseph Lieberman in Connecticut; David L. Robinson in Illinois; John Brademas and Andy Jacobs Jr. in Indiana; Lynn Cutler in Iowa, Bob Eckhardt in Texas; Joseph Fisher and Herbert E. Harris in Virginia; Thomas Foley in Washington; and Les Aspin in Wisconsin.

White House Watch

Preferring Jimmy (II)

At the start of a piece declaring my preference for Jimmy Carter to Ronald Reagan and John Anderson last summer, I wrote that "once the preference is stated, there isn't a lot to say in defense of it and of Carter" (White House Watch: "Preferring Jimmy," TNR, June 14). Now that we are close to election day, I find that there's more to say for the preference than merely that Ronald Reagan and John Anderson are less fit for the presidency than Carter is.

The view that Carter is fitted for the office in ways that Reagan and Anderson are not is based more upon Carter's performance as a candidate for reelection than upon his whole performance since he took office in 1977. There are two reasons for this approach to pre-election judgment. As a journalist who since the beginning of the Nixon presidency in 1969 has been more interested in White House and governmental processes than in what the processes have produced, I feel competent only to record a gut instinct that the overall performance has been better than is generally portrayed, and to cite a few specific instances in which Carter has performed demonstrably well. The second reason is that I, along with the candidates and with everybody else in this country, am a victim of a media mindset that took hold during the Watergate period and has steadily intensified since then. It is a mindset preoccupied with the personal virtues and flaws—more with the flaws than with the virtues—of Presidents and other newsworthy figures and, in consequence, less and less inclined toward substantive examination of their accomplishments and failures. To the extent that preoccupation with "the imperial presidency" has been a part of the phenomenon, I have contributed to it while suffering from it.

In any case, the phenomenon has marked and marred the print and electronic coverage of the 1980 presidential campaign. Except as excuse for noting the tactics, bobbles, and manners of the campaigners, what the candidates actually said has been given rela-

tively little space and airtime. Carter and his people feel that he has peculiarly suffered from this circumstance, more because of the media's neglecting to report and dissect Reagan's statements than neglecting the substance of Carter's. The President granted Barbara Walters of ABC an exclusive interview on October 8 only incidentally to arrange a forum for confession that he's been intemperate in some of his references to Reagan; his main purpose was to goad the media into paying what he considered adequate attention to Reagan's sillier and more dangerous effusions.

Carter in fact has fared no worse than Reagan and Anderson. On the nights just after he promised to moderate his references to Reagan, one might have thought the networks would let him show in his own words and manner that he had or had not kept the promise. As usual on CBS and NBC—I missed ABC—the viewer on those evenings mostly got network reporters paraphrasing and characterizing what Carter had said with him soundlessly mouthing in the background. CBS panelists on "Face the Nation" October 12 never tried to get at the substance of John Anderson's views, except to hint at the distance between his conservative past and his 1980 liberalism, and kept him yakking about his and his opponents' tactics. Some silly remarks about environmental pollution got Reagan into exchanges with reporters that effectively obscured his attempt at serious discussion of his economic aims on those particular days. He begged reporters to stop their "nitpicking," but of course they didn't.

All of which is prelude to saying I just don't see anything all that wrong or mean, using a favorite media term for them, in the cracks at Reagan for which Carter was driven to apologize. What on earth was wrong, for instance, with one candidate saying of another that his election to the presidency would affect and harm the country's future? Carter overstated, but all candidates do and are expected to. In a question period following a Carter economics speech that was neither as substantive nor as convincing as it was billed to be (there I go, characterizing without quoting), the President was asked for the umpteenth time about his mud-slinging at Reagan with quotations that often dated back to the 1960s. He answered that "we" always date these references. That is untrue. Press Secretary Jody Powell has handed out some dated quotations and paraphrases of past Reagan remarks in writing. But the President, Vice President Mondale, Powell, and others seldom or never date their oral and often distorted recalls of the remarks. Carter also answered that Reagan's statements, past and current, comprise "a pattern" that justifies portrayal of Reagan as a primeval conservative. That's true. As Carter noted, Reagan himself observed recently that he hasn't changed his fundamental views in 20 years. Summing up—the media denunciations of Carter tactics that led Carter to apologize and promise



drawing by Mike Keefe

to clean up his act, which he subsequently did in a superficial way, were manifestations of the mindset that was mentioned earlier. Anything to get at Jimmy, was the mood, and about all there was to get at was his jabbing at Reagan.

Carter's best road performances have come in campaign references to past performance in the presidency. He has accurately cited, for instance, the recognition of communist China in December 1978 and the detailed agreements on air and sea transport, controlled textile exports from China to the US, consular offices, and a US agreement to supply China with non-combat military support materials. It's all been smoothly accomplished while maintaining "unofficial" but working relationships with the anti-communist Chinese government on Taiwan. Reaganites suspect and allege that Carter is secretly preparing to deliver Taiwan to the Communists if he's reelected, but there is no evidence of that. Richard V. Allen, Reagan's chief staff adviser on foreign policy, discovered after Reagan had embarrassed himself and his running mate, George Bush, with silly and over-simple denunciations of the China and Taiwan arrangements, that a Senate Foreign Relations Committee staff study had charged that the Carter administration was harassing the Taiwan government with niggling humiliations. Partly on Allen's advice, the Reagan people had decided to drop the subject by then and Allen could do nothing with the Senate study except tell friends about it.

No doubt because it's still a sore subject with many voters, campaigner Carter doesn't mention his success in signing the two Panama Canal treaties and getting them ratified. It was a major accomplishment all the same. Carter does mention and stand staunchly by his declaration last January that the Persian Gulf area is of vital interest to the US and will, if necessary, be defended against all comers, the Soviet Union included. He was right then about that, and he's right now. Whether he has the means to defend the Gulf in a prolonged military contest for the area is debatable. But the US in fact has two carrier task forces and smaller units in the area, and herewith thanks to Carter that they are there.

On the overall issue of defense readiness and what Carter has done to it, I'm competent only to say that he has let his secretary of defense, Harold Brown, disgracefully politicize himself and his office in defense of the President, and to quote a damning passage from Carter's fiscal 1979 budget message. It's damning in its commentary upon Carter's claim that he reversed eight years of Republican under-spending for defense immediately after he became President. After correctly noting that this, his first budget, provided three percent annual growth in defense outlays, the message said of the defense part of the budget: "Consistent with campaign pledges to the American people, it is \$8 billion below the defense budget projected for 1979 by the previous administration." An advocate of Carter's reelection has to forgive him much, and his fiddling

with the defense programs and figures requires considerable forgiving. It's made easier, one must add, by Reagan's unconscionable promises to reconcile huge increases in defense outlays with huge tax cuts and an eventually balanced budget. This, take note, is one of the points that Carter has been vilified for making against Reagan.

Finally, I like the plain guts that Carter has shown on campaign occasions when he could have profitably ducked. In a talk to the National Association of Women Judges at the White House on October 3, he said: "I know that your association is on record favoring the appointment of a woman Supreme Court Justice and some of you are hoping that I will promise today that . . . I will appoint a woman. I cannot promise that. . . . I will not rule out anyone, male or female, on the basis of sex or race or religion or national origin." That is preferable to Reagan's promise the other day to appoint a woman to the Supreme Court, a promise clearly intended to offset his opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment. Here I must say in passing that I wish Carter had had the courage to reject the abominable Democratic platform amendment denying party support to candidates who oppose ERA.

John Anderson had the courage to tell a gaggle of religious broadcasters that he deplores the political activities of prominent TV Bible thumpers. Carter didn't show that much courage. But at a town meeting in Detroit he did denounce any "organized attempt, highly financed, to shape the outcome of an election by a religious group, using tax exempt status or using the right to the public airwaves." He didn't get himself all tangled up in the fundamental right of free expression, which is another matter.

When Jerry Jarrett, a student at a private high school near Nashville, asked Carter what he thinks about the Internal Revenue Service move to deny tax exemption to schools that restrict admission on racial or religious grounds, the President could have gotten by with the first sentence of his reply: "I am not in favor of the IRS taking away the tax exempt status of private schools. But—I've got to have a but—if the private school is organized and designed and functions just to exclude children who are a certain race or have a certain religious belief, that's a violation of the United States Constitution [and] the tax exempt status should be withheld." His only sop to white exclusionists was that the burden of proof should be on the government, not on the private school.

Courage aside, Carter's reply to another student

Correspondence

A special four-page section of Correspondence, with readers' comments on *TNR's* editorial, "John Anderson for President" (October 4, 1980), begins on page 24.

was appealing because it was so utterly corny. When the student asked if he would be running even if he knew that he would be likely to die in office, Carter answered: "I'm willing to take the chance. I don't say

that in a silly way but even if I knew that I would die in office if I were a president, I would still run for the office because I think it's the most exciting and challenging and important position in the free world."

John Osborne

A National Political Survey

Liberals Besieged

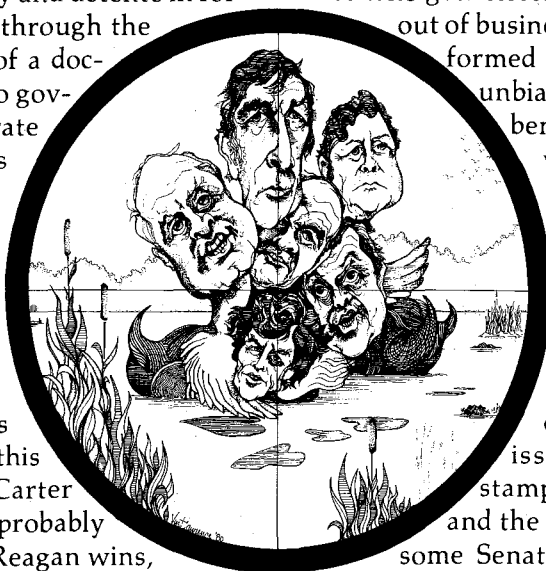
by Morton Kondracke

Anyone who anticipated or hoped the 1980 election would prove a decisive ideological battle over the country's future must be disappointed. We might have had it if Edward Kennedy had been the Democratic nominee, preaching a doctrine of continued heavy government involvement in the economy and detente in foreign policy. But after wandering through the ideological wilderness in search of a doctrine, Jimmy Carter has chosen to govern the country much as a moderate Republican would, and he indicates this would be his program in a second term. Meanwhile, Ronald Reagan, too, is edging toward the center. Now he favors US aid to Chrysler and New York City and would discontinue no existing government program. Whoever is elected, the campaigns suggest that the real winner of this election will be Gerald Ford. If Carter wins, as now seems possible, he probably will govern much as Ford did. If Reagan wins, so will he, and the proof is the Cabinet list in these pages last week—except on the White House staff, there will be a virtual Ford restoration.

Much the same absence of ideological warfare is evident in congressional campaigns—everywhere except in Iowa, where Senator John Culver, Edward Kennedy's close friend, is waging a valiant defense of old-line liberal values against the forces of organized reaction. Elsewhere, Democrats are trimming. George McGovern now favors a new manned bomber system. Frank Church is anti-Cuba and a friend of gun-toters. Warren Magnuson, Morris Udall, John Brademas, Tom Eagleton, and Birch Bayh all are emphasizing

their experience and seniority, their ability to bring home goodies for their states, rather than the governmental philosophies and programs that they've supported in Washington.

In spite of all this, of course, it does make a difference who gets elected on November 4. Before it went out of business, the magazine *Politics Today* performed the useful service of preparing an unbiased ideological ranking of incumbent legislators by combining the wildly disparate value judgments of the Americans for Democratic Action and the Americans for Constitutional Action. Gordon L. Weil, who compiled the ratings, gave the strongest conservatives a rating of one, and the strongest liberals 100, based on their voting records on such issues as the B-1 bomber, food stamps, aid to New York and Chrysler, and the Panama Canal treaties. There are some Senate contests this year in which incumbents are being challenged by congressmen who were rated, and the scores demonstrate the kind of political tilt that the Senate would take if Republican challengers win. In Idaho, for example, Church rated 73 percent for 1979 versus 2.0 for Republican representative Stephen Symms. Church was not the most liberal senator around—Edward Kennedy was—but among 435 representatives, Symms was the seventh most conservative. In Iowa Culver scored 92 percent, making him the Senate's number two liberal; his opponent, Representative Charles Grassley, scored 13.3. In South Dakota, McGovern got a rating of 90.4; Representative James Abdnor got 13.6. In Indiana,



Birch Bayh scored 86.8; Representative Dan Quayle, 12.2. In Wisconsin, Gaylord Nelson got 89.6; when former representative Robert Kasten was rated in 1978, he got 14.

Beyond these match-ups, there is a possibility that key Democratic congressional leaders may be turned out of office, which will alter the shape of policy. Morris Udall (who seems likely to survive this year) had a *Politics Today* rating of 80.1. California's John Burton (also favored in a tough race) had 89.5, and California's James Corman (in grave danger), 90.7. Indiana's John Brademas (also in trouble), 92.4. Ohio's Thomas L. Ashley (in danger), 75.5. Oregon's Al Ullman (recovering), 72.7. Texas's Bob Eckhardt (who's trailing), 91.5, and Jim Wright (likely now to survive), 56.3. Finally, Washington State's Thomas Foley (also favored now), had a rating of 71.2.

If these powerful incumbents are ousted this year in significant numbers, it will reinforce the nonideological message already learned too well by younger members of Congress: the first business of a legislator is not grappling in Washington with national legislation, but tending carefully to one's own home district. Ullman's situation in Oregon is the most dramatic instance of the pattern. His Republican opponent, newspaper publisher Denny Smith, is running TV ads showing his home in Salem, with a voice-over that says "this is where Denny Smith lives. Where does Al Ullman live?" Then the ad shows first a series of post offices in Oregon where the Ways and Means Committee chairman rents boxes to get his mail, then Ullman's actual home in Virginia. Ullman may be especially careless in straying so far from his constituency. But the message is being repeated by other Republicans challenging top-level committee chairmen: they don't represent us anymore.

Though the 1980 campaign is no ideological donnybrook, it seems inevitable that the House and Senate will be more conservative than they were last year and the year before. Experts in both parties are predicting Republican gains this year, and to whatever extent the Republican party is ascendant, it surely means less spending for the poor and more for defense, better breaks for business interests, and fewer for environmentalists, consumers, and minority groups. The Republicans ought to be taken at their word. Their national advertising campaign—which was renewed last week with three million dollars in buys scheduled from now until the election—promises a change in the way government works. GOP challengers all over the country have picked up the theme, as in Indiana, where John Brademas's opponent advertises, "John Hiler—For a Change." On September 15, no fewer than 288 Republican congressional candidates jointly pledged with Ronald Reagan that, if elected, they would work to eliminate \$34 billion in government "waste," cut taxes by 10 percent, and increase defense spending.

Congress is likely to be more conservative, too,

because while Democrats probably will retain control of both Houses, they will be wary about the prospects for 1982 and inclined to play it safe. This will be especially true if Carter is reelected and 1982 seems likely to follow the off-year pattern of ousting the ins. Democrats will be worried about the GOP gaining control of Congress at last, and they will try to look as much as possible like Republicans.

And Congress will be more conservative for one final important reason. Liberalism has lost its intellectual momentum. It appears to have produced chronic inflation and bureaucracy while failing to improve education, housing, incomes, or the plight of the downtrodden. Edward Kennedy will continue to promote the old-time religion with whatever allies survive, but tax cuts and reindustrialization appear to be the wave of the immediate future. Somehow the means must be found to redefine liberalism so that it retains its compassion but finds new devices besides categorical aid programs and new federal agencies to put it into effect.

FOR THIS REASON, I think the most important Senate race being run this year is in Colorado, where Gary Hart is in the fight for his political life against Secretary of State Mary E. Buchanan. Buchanan is no Steve Symms or Charles Grassley, who would tip the Senate decisively to the right. She is a moderate Republican who favors the ERA and government funds for abortions, and might even back the SALT II treaty. But Hart is a special sort of Democratic senator—a neoliberal, one might call him—who is striving to reconcile traditional liberal values with contemporary realities. In foreign and military policy, especially, he is aware of the danger of Soviet advances without favoring indiscriminate increases in defense spending. If Hart loses, as seems all too possible, it would deprive the Democratic party of one of its few original thinkers and global-minded strategists, one who could reasonably aspire to run for the presidency in 1984. The next Democratic presidential race probably won't be just a Kennedy versus Mondale affair in any case. Dale Bumpers of Arkansas, another neoliberal, probably will get in, as will Jay Rockefeller of West Virginia, Joseph Biden of Delaware, and Jerry Brown again. But it will be a great loss if Hart is not on the scene to make the presidential race as well.

If liberals are destined to lose ground this year, how bad will it be? Partly it depends on the outcome of the presidential race, even though coattails aren't as important as they used to be. Here liberals have no cause to rejoice, but it seems more certain by the day that Ronald Reagan is not going to execute a massive electoral sweep. In fact, the movement of the presidential campaign suggests a Carter victory. A *Washington Post* poll last weekend indicated that Carter now has pulled even with Reagan in the nation's seven key battleground states. Reagan had been leading in most of them previously and the change indicates that

momentum is running Carter's way. Other polls show that Reagan has failed to persuade Democrats and independents to support him, and Reagan's managers seem unable to concoct an effective method of doing so. Reagan's proposal to name a woman to the US Supreme Court was at best a matter of tokenism and suggested a last-ditch and inadequate attempt to buck up a skeptical part of the electorate. Anyway, women are not chilly toward Reagan just on the basis of the equal rights issue, but also because of his hawkishness, and Carter has been slamming him effectively on that issue.

The *Post* poll also showed a massive level of indecision about the presidential race. According to GOP pollster Robert Teeter, undecideds at this point in the fall of 1976 ranged from seven to nine percent of the electorate. This year they are around 20 percent in all the key states, and that does not count the Anderson vote, which ranges between six percent in Texas and 17 percent in Illinois. The likelihood is that Anderson's continuing fade-out will benefit Carter. Unless Reagan can figure out a way to gain the offensive in this campaign, the chances are that Democratic undecideds will break for Carter and the independents will split. All that, too, will help Carter.

Various proposals for retrieving Reagan's lost advantage now are being kicked around in Republican ranks. One is that he formally name his Cabinet. Another is that he agree to a debate with Carter. Yet another is that he buy time for a series of nationally televised speeches. So far, however, his advisers are immobilized. There is a good chance that when they finally realize how close they are to blowing this election, they will panic.

So the drift of the presidential race favors Democratic survival at the congressional level—at least for 1980. The impact of the Anderson factor is questionable. To the extent that Anderson's support is liberal, whatever strength he maintains probably will aid liberal congressional candidates. However, much of Anderson's support also consists of ticket-splitting independents and moderate Republican suburbanites, and they could be tempted to support promising Republicans.

National polls continue to show a slight overall tilt toward the Democrats at the congressional level. Gallup found 42 percent of the electorate inclined to vote Democratic to 39 percent Republican. But here too there is a big undecided factor—17 percent. In key race after key race, polls come up "too close to call," with undecideds holding the balance. Democrats should be favored, if only because voters usually tend to vote their incumbent legislator back into office. But Republicans have advantages too. Polls show that on virtually every economic issue, the public thinks the Republicans will perform better than the Democrats. The political fallout from Abscam and the general low esteem in which Congress is held also favors the GOP. Some political scientists believe that when bright con-

gressional prospects were making up their minds last year whether to run or not, the country's economic condition and President Carter's low approval ratings indicated 1980 would be a Republican year, so the GOP prospects decided to go, while bright Democrats held back. Organization also favors the Republicans. The Republican National Committee has tried to recruit the best congressional candidates available and has given them money, training, and help in survey research and advertising. There has been no comparable Democratic effort. And finally, the Republicans apparently have organized bigger and better door-to-door canvassing, voter registration, and get-out-the-vote drives.

What does all this add up to? The best Democratic and Republican experts I can find still stick with their original predictions that Republicans will pick up 20 to 25 seats in the House and four to six seats in the Senate. It's not a massive shift, no new party realignment. But it does mean that liberals and liberalism will be wounded and put even more on the defensive than they are now.

Woe is Mo.

Arizona

Phoenix

On paper, Mo Udall is a campaign manager's dream: owner of one of Arizona's most honored and ubiquitous political names (Udall mayors, county attorneys, judges, and civic leaders are everywhere), a 10-term veteran with a committee chairmanship made to order for a western, water-conscious state, a sizable (though steadily diminishing) Democratic registration edge in his district, name identification approaching God's, and enough charm and wit to lull all the cobras in India.

But it's those damned numbers. Mo Udall, win or lose, is already a victim of statistics, which is why he's running for his political life. In 1968, he amassed 70.2 percent of the Second District's votes, a figure which has fallen progressively in every election since, to a low of 52.5 percent in 1978 against a little-known former state legislator. In fact, he polled 22 percent fewer votes last time out than he did eight years earlier, although the total vote increased slightly.

For years, Udall's biennial Chicken Little routine has shaken down the liberal money tree with regular success. But in 1980 the act has assumed an urgency bordering on panic. Maybe the sky really is falling. Drooling Republicans seem to think it is.

Udall, one of the House's three most influential members, according to a magazine poll, is finding out what other liberal leaders are discovering this year—that all that clout back on the Hill only makes him a bigger target at home. The what-have-you-done-for-me-lately syndrome is outstripping local-boy-made-

good pride, although, on balance, Mo still insists the pride ranks as a "modest plus."

In Udall's case, he also is saddled with a 1976 presidential bid which focused a harsh spotlight on some positions he had assiduously confined in the past to less tender eastern ears, such as his opposition to right-to-work (the law came down on stone tablets in Arizona). That campaign made it tougher to come home and talk—as he had done with such finesse in campaigns past—about balanced budgets and all those other chords so musical to Arizona's large minority of "pinto" (or conservative) Democrats.

But the unerring ineptitude of the GOP may save Udall. In a year of unprecedented opportunity, they have managed to field perhaps their least appealing challenger in a decade. Richard Huff, 55, is a steely-eyed, plodding, humorless moralist who sold his successful real estate firm last year, switched parties, pledged a small fortune, and plunged into the race against Udall, embracing all the familiar right-wing shibboleths—reduced spending (except for defense), nuclear power, family life, Sagebrush Rebellion, deregulation; and opposition to gun control (a universal stance in Arizona), aid to New York City, OSHA budgets, and of course, the Panama Canal "giveaway."

But no one is taking Huff lightly. Not only does he offer the first well-funded run at the incumbent in GOP history, but he also hired consultant Arthur Finkelstein, whose 1978 scalps include New Hampshire's Tom McIntyre and Iowa's Dick Clark, to plot strategy.

True to form, what has emerged is a hard-sell media blitz which scarcely even mentions Huff: Mo "hasn't done anything" about the diversion of Arizona's water to California. Mo "voted to pay Panama to take our canal." Mo supports gun control (which, it turns out, is based on a single 1968 vote for a bill so bland it even had NRA backing). Mo opposed the B-1 bomber in a city where an Air Force base is big business. Huff leavens the negativism only with a few spots hyping home and family for the Moral Majority crowd.

Corny at times, wrong at others, it is nonetheless potent stuff. "I've never had an opponent as unscrupulous as this one," laments Udall. "It's a mean, nasty, sordid kind of campaign that focuses on phony votes." So he keeps answering the charges. It is a measure of the age that this knight of liberalism is reduced to responding to the B-1 charge by noting he just voted for the biggest defense budget in history. "He's giving my speech [on defense]," Huff sputters. "Mo has cut his throat. People don't believe him." Meanwhile, Udall's TV counterattack was delayed by a production screw-up which identified his foe as "Arthur Huff."

Udall has other problems too. In a state which Carter strategists rank 50th on their list of electoral college prospects, the president's name will be a distinct disincentive to a party turnout which usually runs seven to 10 percentage points behind Republicans even in good years. But Udall fervently hopes voters

will remember his own fight with Carter in 1976 (if not what they were fighting about). Also the Democratic party (assuming the organization counts for much, a dubious assumption) in Tucson's Pima County, with 82 percent of the district's voters, has been unusually fractious of late, going through three chairmen in recent months before settling down somewhat. Republicans, conversely, are just as unusually united.

In an overzealous moment, Huff challenged Udall to a debate last spring only hours before the incumbent suggested it, and the glib and witty Udall gleefully accepted. Then Finkelstein came along and vetoed kamikaze missions as a campaign weapon, so Huff huffily had to backtrack on the laughable grounds that Udall had said unkind things about him.

The irony of all this, however, is that it may be Mo Udall's last hurrah, whatever happens on November 4. He has mused about hanging it up after this one more than once. The reason is simple. Republicans are likely to retain control of both legislative houses this fall, and thus the redistricting process, and there's little reason to believe they will feel solicitous toward a 20-year thorn in their sides. "This is our last chance to get him one on one," says Pima County GOP chairman Emmett McLaughlin. "Next time, we'll just get the legislature to throw him in with Bob Stump." Name, seniority, and clout notwithstanding, few local rail-birds would put their money on Udall in a primary bout with the far-right (and very popular) Stump.

In a state without any reliable independent poll, the candidates' surveys offer only questionable guidelines, and, not surprisingly, they're decidedly mixed. Udall's poll had him ahead by nearly 20 points in September, while Huff claims he's ahead among voters who know something of both candidates. But even Udall admits the figures are "very soft." On both sides, the betting is for a cliffhanger. Ella Udall, the candidate's outspoken wife, reportedly entered 50.1 percent as her vote prediction in the staff pool. "She's a great pessimist," laughs her husband. But maybe a realist as well.

John Kolbe

John Kolbe is political editor for the Phoenix Gazette.

Hart trouble.

Colorado

Denver

Gary Hart, Democrat of Colorado, disdains the political labels of liberal and conservative, but he is learning the perils of being a generic US senator. In seeking his second term, Hart is finding that voters don't have a

clear understanding of what he stands for or what he has done. In trying to blend liberal ideas, such as using the federal government to help the needy, with conservative notions, such as cutting federal expenditures, Hart seems to have fogged his identity in the public mind.

Now he finds himself trailing in the polls and worried about being drowned in a pro-Reagan western tide. Moreover, he is uncertain how to attack his Republican challenger, Colorado secretary of state Mary Estill Buchanan, without drawing sympathy to her and adding to her reputation as an underdog, the woman whom the old-line male politicians couldn't stop.

In a conventional political year—when the things that normally succeed can be expected to succeed again—Hart would be riding high. A handsome, articulate lawyer, Hart has taken pains to return to Colorado on the average of at least once a week during his six years in Washington, his staff says. But at the same time his attendance record in the Senate—measured by his casting of roll-call votes—is above 90 percent.

He probably will collect contributions of at least \$750,000, a sufficient war chest by Colorado standards, has a united Democratic party behind him, and has excellent relations with the news media. He hasn't made any major gaffes and has a solid, hard-working staff. He isn't a dynamic campaigner but his opponent is much worse. He is mentioned in the national news media as a potential presidential hopeful some day, which might be considered flattering by residents of a state that never has produced a bona fide candidate for the White House.

But this hasn't been a conventional political year in Colorado. Hart is in trouble. The *Denver Post* poll, taken September 22 to 30, found him two points behind Buchanan among all voters, 42 to 44 percent, with 14 percent undecided. It was even worse for him among those considered most likely to vote. On that basis, he was behind by 15 points, 36 to 51, with 13 percent undecided.

Buchanan, the 45-year-old secretary of state who has held that office for six years, has in many ways stumbled into the Republican nomination because of factors beyond her control. A divorced mother of six children, she started the campaign as a moderate Republican. But lately she has been moving to the

right. For example, she says the United States may have to resort to "limited war" in conjunction with US allies to obtain needed oil supplies from the Persian Gulf.

And she appears to be accepting, without much qualification, the positions fed to her by the Republican Study Committee in Washington. Her aides explain that she hasn't had much time to do research on her own, partly because of a bizarre series of circumstances that propelled her into the status of folk heroine for many Coloradans.

Last year Buchanan found herself in a field of about a dozen Republicans considering the race against Hart. She was a moderate who rejected knee-jerk, right-wing reactions to the country's problems. She flirted with support for the SALT II treaties before backing off, supported ERA, and endorsed federal funds for abortions for poor women. She still holds to the latter two positions.

But Buchanan never has been popular with her party's right wing. She was appointed secretary of state in 1974 over the choice of the party regulars. Then she beat the organization's candidate in the primary as a fresh face and political newcomer. That victory got her off on the wrong foot with the GOP regulars, who felt she had won without them.

Early in her term, she sided with Governor Richard Lamm and other Democrats in a move to equalize property tax rates across Colorado. The result was a large increase in taxes for many homeowners, who reacted with anger. Republicans in the state legislature never forgave Buchanan for this episode, and she gained the reputation of a maverick who wasn't a team player.

This year Buchanan went into the Reagan-dominated state GOP convention in June as an apparently popular figure, with enormous name identification and a record of electability. She was portrayed by supporters as an underdog fighting against the odds, the woman the men were afraid of, the gutsy scrapper who conquered the party bosses. It propelled her into the primary on a tide of favorable publicity. She won with 31 percent of the vote in the four-way field. Former secretary of the Army Howard "Bo" Callaway was second with 30 percent.

Since then Buchanan has shifted to the right. Hart has charged her with running a "mail-order campaign"—simply spewing forth material supplied by the national Republican party. For example, Buchanan is calling for a federal budget cut of from \$35 billion to \$40 billion. Her source for the proposed cuts: the Republican Study Committee in Washington. Buchanan has refused to say which of those reductions she supports and which ones she might oppose. She says it's too much to expect a challenger to produce the same level of detail as the incumbent, who has immediate access to vast amounts of information.

Buchanan has been hitting Hart for being hypocritical. She argues that he votes as a liberal in Washington

War Against the West

"War Against the West" by J. B. Kelly, published in the October 11 issue of *TNR*, was based on a speech given recently at the Heritage Foundation in Washington. The complete speech will be published in the Heritage Lecture Series.

and talks like a conservative back in Colorado. She says Hart has been weak on national defense and a big spender for social programs. She points out that he has voted about 80 percent of the time with President Carter, an unpopular figure here.

Hart counters that he exercises independent judgment on all issues, and isn't anyone's "rubber-stamp senator." But there is the sense that, although voters seem to have a favorable impression of him, they aren't really sure what he stands for. In trying to separate himself from political labels, especially the liberal one he derived as George McGovern's campaign manager in 1972, he may have blurred his own identity too much. (Hart claims now that he never agreed with all of McGovern's views, that he was a manager, not an ideologue.) Colorado voters may think he really doesn't stand for much of anything.

Moreover, Hart has had trouble finding a way to attack his opponent without resurrecting the image of "Mary the martyr" that she had during her primary campaign. And if he hits too hard on the idea that she is ill prepared and lacks positions of her own, he runs the risk of alienating women who might interpret his remarks as sexist criticism of the capabilities of woman candidates.

Hart, up to now unable to exploit Buchanan's weaknesses, must somehow generate his own enthusiasm without depending on the the top of the ticket. Colorado Democrats have little to get excited about in Jimmy Carter. Ronald Reagan's apparent popularity in Colorado might produce a high Republican turnout, which will naturally help Buchanan.

Further, Colorado is one of the nation's fastest-growing states. The coalition that elected Hart overwhelmingly against GOP senator Peter Dominick in 1974 may not exist any more. And there are tens of thousands of new voters who have migrated here since then and who have little or no allegiance to Gary Hart.

Hart has shifted to the right himself in the last few years. National defense is a prime example. He ran in 1974 promising to cut the military budget. Now he says he will support increases in defense spending if it will improve national security. But he doesn't take a knee-jerk approach here either.

His attitude is to reject "gold-plated" weapons systems and scrutinize the Pentagon's requests to make sure they are worthwhile. "Only better is better," Hart says. His campaign literature quotes Jeffrey Hart, the conservative columnist, as saying of Gary Hart, "Though he first achieved national notice as George McGovern's campaign manager, the young senator is anything but a 1960s style New Left anti-American. He is informed, analytical, and he is worried about the state of our forces."

Yet Hart also supports a bugaboo among many conservatives—the Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty. "The more concerned we are about the Soviet strategic build-up, the more we need to limit it," Hart says. And

despite criticism from the GOP right, Hart is sticking to his guns.

The senator's hope is that Colorado voters see him as a courageous and independent-minded soul who cannot be categorized, a sort of generic leader who resists labels. But the risk is that voters will think of Gary Hart as they do many generic products—cut-rate versions of the real thing.

Kenneth T. Walsh

Kenneth T. Walsh is chief political writer for the Denver Post.

Buckley woos the blues.

Connecticut

Hartford

"Are you kidding?" one liberal Democratic Connecticut state senator chided when asked recently whether he thought Christopher Dodd would beat Republican candidate James Buckley in their US Senate race. "He's buying his office curtains already." Well, not quite. But if Dodd doesn't win—and also lead the ticket—in the race for the retiring Abraham Ribicoff's seat, an awful lot of Connecticut politicians will have to reassess just how badly the state Democratic party has deteriorated since its halcyon years under the late chairman John Bailey. The feeling right now is that it hasn't fallen apart so much that a popular and respected Democratic Senate candidate shouldn't be able to beat a less well-known Republican saddled with a "carpetbagger" image, regardless of the presidential race.

When it first became evident that Dodd, a young "new guard" liberal congressman and the son of the late censured senator Thomas Dodd, would be running against Buckley, who was New York's senator between 1971 and 1977 in a term he won as the Conservative party nominee, many expected the race to turn into a referendum on the two philosophies. It hasn't and it probably won't. Party labels still mean something in Connecticut. The Democratic organization, like Muhammad Ali, has become a sad, staggering remnant of the power it used to be under Bailey, having taken repeated body blows from progressives taking advantage of the primary laws. But during his 29-year tenure as state chairman, which lasted until he died in 1975, Bailey carefully wooed the growing number of ethnics who moved to the state, and with them he built an overwhelming advantage in party registration (Republicans come in third after unaffiliated). Republicans normally don't win statewide elections in Connecticut unless the Democrat blows it.

And Dodd doesn't look like he's going to blow it. Through his six-year tenure as congressman for east-

ern Connecticut's second district, he has managed to find a middle path between the establishment wing of the party, now led by Governor Ella Grasso, and progressives such as Representative Toby Moffett. At the recent national Democratic convention in New York, for example, Dodd served as the peacemaker between the state's Carter and Kennedy delegates. Whatever the party's current condition, it is united behind Dodd; he has strong labor support, he has money, and his campaign is well organized.

CONNECTICUT REPUBLICANS, however, are trying to take Dodd to the mat. For this job they passed over a well-liked conservative state senator in favor of Buckley, who came armed with plenty of available campaign money—which meant he wouldn't have to cut into the party funds for local races—a national reputation, and an impressive list of endorsements including Gerald Ford, William Simon, Henry Kissinger, and Alexander Haig. Buckley's campaign has been fueled with contributions from other family members (including \$2,000 from his columnist brother William F. Buckley Jr.), several conservative PACs such as the Conservative Victory fund and the National Conservative Political Action Committee, many oil companies, and single-issue groups such as the National Right to Life PAC.

The candidate often seems stiff and uncomfortable in public and recently has been wholesaling his campaign, favoring press conferences and interviews over appearances before larger groups. But while he says he'd like the race to be issue-oriented, some of his campaign tactics, including an anti-Dodd leaflet printed on pink paper (reminiscent of Richard Nixon's ploy against Helen Gahagan Douglas in 1950) and an ad questioning whether Dodd's still-popular father would have voted for his son, haven't been so high-minded. In fact a new series of ads, according to Buckley's campaign manager, are designed "to show why Chris Dodd is not fit to serve in the US Senate, why we've got to keep him out of there to protect our liberties and freedoms." The ads insinuate that a Dodd victory would continue to lead the country "down the path to socialism."

Buckley now is trailing Dodd, but the Republicans claim to take comfort from a late July in-house poll, conducted by Arthur J. Finkelstein Associates, showing him only 11 points behind—a margin they consider "within striking distance." Other independent polls indicate Dodd has a wider lead but also note a large group of undecided voters who could upset his cart.

To close the gap, Buckley will go after the voters who went for Ford in 1976 when he beat Carter in Connecticut. "Obviously you need more than Republicans," he says, adding that he'd have to aim for "the so-called ethnic, blue-collar, work-oriented, family value-oriented, the people who are being squeezed out of existence but think that I know exactly what their problems are." From Buckley's perspective their prob-

lems are an inadequate defense budget, and excessive federal taxation, spending, and regulation of business. His pitch is a careful combination of traditional conservatism, calling for a transference of power from the federal to state governments, and Jack Kemp economics—which he uses to lambaste "the failures of the Great Society programs of the 1960s" and to promote resentment against federal bureaucrats.

In one recent celebrated instance, Buckley attacked Dodd for his vote last summer providing the victory margin for the Fair Housing Act which allows administrative judges in the Justice Department to rule on housing discrimination cases. To Buckley this meant the federal government could make local zoning decisions. "The question is," Buckley said, "who will run your town, you or the federal bureaucrats?" This law, however, was supported by all four Connecticut congressmen and was even endorsed by Buckley-supported representative Stewart McKinney. Independent readers of the law, including several newspaper editorial writers, have concluded that Buckley's interpretation is strained at best and outright wrong at worst. "I've never had anybody do that before," Dodd muses. "It was just such a total distortion of what we did with the bill that I was surprised."

Buckley's enthusiasm for more defense spending might cut a bit deeper among blue-collar voters since Connecticut is one of the most defense-dependent states in the country, with major employers in the aircraft, submarine, and ammunition businesses. Buckley has been zeroing in on Dodd's opposition to projects such as the B-1 bomber and other selected votes against defense appropriations. Dodd, however, has supported his own \$500 million package of weapons systems, more than the Carter administration has asked for but well short of the extra \$10 billion that Buckley says should be added to the defense budget.

Dodd, meanwhile, has been able to neutralize some of Buckley's attempts to pigeonhole him as another big-spending liberal by emphasizing his supports for "better, not bigger" government. He advocates more congressional authority to approve executive branch regulations and he supports sunset laws for many federal programs. And he resents any suggestion that this is a retreat from the traditional liberal commitment to social welfare. "The money just doesn't exist like it used to exist," Dodd says. "The old ways to achieve the same results don't work any longer. Our failure to take that into consideration could mean the destruction of a progressive movement, and that's really what's at stake here aside from our ability to cope with specific problems."

Neither Senate nominee thinks the presidential candidates will have strong coattails, if they have any at all. Carter, for instance, never has been especially popular in Connecticut—he lost the state in 1976 and he lost this year's Democratic primary, despite Grasso's strong support, to Kennedy. And although Dodd still predicts that the president will take the state, he

expects the vote will be close. Anderson remains a wild card; one recent state poll showed the three major presidential candidates just about evenly splitting the vote.

The only politician who looks like a loser in advance of the voting, however, is the state's highest ranking Republican, Senator Lowell Weicker. In classic Weick-erian fashion he recently called his party leaders "a bunch of losers," endorsed Ronald Reagan but not George Bush (because he was unhappy with Bush's apparent readiness to get rid of some Watergate-related evidence), and said he won't endorse either Senate candidate in Connecticut this year after making some kind remarks about Democrat Dodd's qualifications. The Republican State Central Committee already has entertained a motion to form a search committee to find a Senate candidate for 1982, the year Weicker's seat is up.

David Lieberman

David Lieberman is a reporter for the Hartford Advocate.

Stone cold.

Florida

Tallahassee

In six years in the Senate, Florida's Richard Stone never learned to take the political risks that inspire deep commitments from others. At times he appeared so desperately fearful of offending even one small element of his constituency that a kind of paralysis set in, rendering him incapable of any choice. Stone even seemed unable to make up his mind about his own name, legally changed to Richard (Dick) Stone. In the end it all came home to roost. An omen appeared late last year in the early jockeying for the Democratic presidential nomination. Nineteen of Florida's 21 highest elected Democrats publicly endorsed an unpopular Jimmy Carter. One endorsed Senator Edward M. Kennedy. And one, Stone, refused to endorse either man until the Democratic National Convention had removed any danger of Stone's backing the wrong candidate. "By the time he figured out which way the wind was blowing," said one congressional aide, "it had blown right by him."

At the end, Richard Stone could grouse that his entire congressional career hinged on a single issue: the Panama Canal treaties. "I could have retired the trophy if I'd voted no," Stone said dejectedly one day before his October 7 Democratic primary runoff. Instead, voters retired him. They chose the man Stone narrowly had upset six years earlier, state insurance commissioner Bill Gunter, who had fashioned a pro-

consumer image with efforts to revise the state's chaotic insurance laws. Now Gunter faces a stiff challenge from feisty Republican national committeewoman Paula Hawkins.

Stung by charges of fiscal irresponsibility and incompetence, as well as by Gunter's accusations that he was soft on national defense, Stone emerged from the September 9 primary with only 32 percent, barely one percent ahead of Gunter (he had hoped for 40 percent). The prognosis was immediate, unanimous, and grim: Stone was finished. Trailing at times by as many as 12 points in some polls, Stone fought back during the four-week runoff to finish almost deadlocked with Gunter. Shaken by the primary, Stone began prodding and jabbing at his condominium precinct captains. He brought his longtime friend and media consultant, Art Gray, out of retirement to produce a series of blistering attacks on Gunter.

The Gunter-Stone contest was devoid of issues or divergent philosophies. Instead, both candidates focused their expensive (\$1.5 million for Stone, one million dollars for Gunter) campaigns on name-calling and accusations. The advertising warfare was characterized by viciousness and occasional lapses in accuracy on both sides. One Gunter commercial, produced by New Orleans consultant Ray Strother, accused Stone of voting against efforts "to get the cocaine cowboys off the streets of Miami." In fact, the vote in question had nothing to do directly with Miami's notorious cocaine traffic. Gunter's aides insisted the ad never ran, but a series of Stone newspaper ads did. Those ads claimed wrongly that Florida insurance rates had doubled or tripled during Gunter's stewardship. "Let us say I got a little exuberant," acknowledged Stone's consultant, Art Gray. Gunter also alleged that Stone's "millionaire lifestyle" had blinded him to the problems of Florida voters. Gunter insisted Stone's wealth was a significant campaign issue, and he continued the attack in a television advertisement. Stone responded by attacking Gunter's refusal to resign his post as insurance commissioner for the campaign, as Stone did before his 1974 race. Although the fire of the four-week runoff brought Stone and Gunter virtually even by election day, it was unclear whether the erosion of Gunter's early lead was due to Stone's increasing popularity or to Gunter's decline. As the *Miami Herald's* Robert D. Shaw Jr. noted in a story two days before the runoff election: "Florida's Democratic voters may feel . . . like a hydrant caught between two dogs."

Throughout the campaign, the bitterness of the Democratic primary rekindled hopes of a Republican victory in November. Floridians have elected only three Republicans to statewide office in this century. One of them, the razor-tongued Paula Hawkins, twice elected to the state's utility regulatory agency, will oppose Gunter in November. Often at odds with the Democratic majority on regulatory issues, Hawkins enjoyed an image as a consumers' ally, and an advocate of lower utility bills. Her unsurprising victory on

October 7 over former representative Lou Frey (four others were eliminated September 9) was surprisingly bloodless. And with a \$400,000 pledge of assistance from the national party and Ronald Reagan's better-than-even chance of carrying the state, Hawkins must be rated one of the GOP's top new Senate prospects in November.

Contentious and often divided, Florida Republicans account for less than 30 percent of the state's voters. With little statewide organization, the party's voter strength is concentrated around St. Petersburg, Orlando, Miami, Fort Lauderdale, and Jacksonville. That means a primary can be effectively organized and run for under \$200,000. But it also makes any statewide success a long shot, heavily dependent on two factors: a flamboyant personality, such as former governor Claude Kirk in 1966, or the disarray of the opposition, as with former US senator Edward Gurney in 1968.

On both counts, 1980 may be the year for Paula Hawkins. The bitterness of the Democratic primary left her ecstatic. And as a political personality, Hawkins is spectacular, if somewhat obscure. On the night of her victory over Frey she told her jubilant supporters, "We're going to Washington to shake up that ghostly bunch of senators. . . . We need to start some investigations up there . . . and find out what's wrong." In her years on Florida's Public Service Commission, she developed a reputation as an acerbic debater who plagued her Democratic colleagues with quotable attacks on the state's utility companies. Two years ago Hawkins unsuccessfully campaigned on the gubernatorial ticket of drugstore impresario Jack Eckerd, a wealthy but bland perennial. Hawkins, kept tightly under wraps so as not to overshadow Eckerd, was the ticket's only bright spot.

This year Hawkins ran a hide-and-seek non-campaign against Frey. With superior name recognition and the backing of many of the state's leading Republican figures, Hawkins was determined to avoid primary confrontations that might damage her chances in the general election. "I've behaved these last two weeks so well I cannot stand myself," she said shortly before the runoff election. "I'm going to behave myself until October 8." With a limited budget, Frey desperately pursued Hawkins about the state, trapping her only once after a reporter tipped him off to Hawkins's whereabouts. There was nothing upon which Frey could focus the contest. Issues were nonexistent, as Hawkins noted: "There was no difference in the candidates, except one is perceived as a winner by the voters." Ultimately, the closest Frey came to injecting controversy came with the revelation that Hawkins, a GOP national committeewoman, was receiving financial and staff assistance from the Republican National Committee. Frey and his supporters said RNC chairman William Brock's action smacked of old-time machine politics. Voters were unimpressed: Hawkins buried Frey, running up a margin of more than

110,000 votes. Hawkins's campaign against Gunter will likely focus on a single issue: the continued Democratic control of Congress. She is a conventional Reagan Republican, supporting tax cuts, incentives for business, curbs on government regulation, and increased defense spending; Hawkins opposes abortion, the ERA, the Panama Canal treaties, food stamps, and deficit spending. But efforts by Frey—and by reporters—to make Hawkins get specific were often fruitless: "[Voters] don't want specifics. They don't. People are looking today for somebody that will shake it up. . . . That's all they want. They want a fighter."

Robert Ryan

Robert Ryan is a Washington correspondent for Knight-Ridder Newspapers.

Bringing home the bacon.

Idaho

Boise

Last June Idaho senator Frank Church was sitting at his desk in the Russell Senate Office Building in Washington, DC, thinking about the five long months remaining in the toughest campaign of his political life and pondering whether he could hold on to the chairmanship of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. "But for the honor of it all," Church quipped, "I would just as soon be running in a different year."

As Church knows too well, 1980 is not a good year for him to run for a fifth term. Ronald Reagan is idolized in Idaho and could carry the state by 70 percentage points or more. Church's opponent, Congressman Stephen Symms, is a close personal and philosophical ally of Reagan. Symms counts on Reagan's coattails to give him a much needed boost and perhaps even carry him over the top in November. Moreover, middle America is suffering under the triple whammy of double-digit inflation, high interest rates, and widespread unemployment. Unfortunately for Church, the country's economic woes have reached Idaho. The government's tight money policy last spring sent Idaho's housing industry into a slump and has forced industry workers to unemployment offices. Idaho's farmers and ranchers are also upset with the federal government's management of the federal domain. They are leading the so-called Sagebrush Rebellion in the west, demanding that the federal lands—about 68 percent of the state of Idaho—be turned over to state control. Conservatives, sensing Church's dilemma this year, smelled blood. They are going after Church like never before, though every six years the liberal Church has difficulty getting re-

elected in the traditionally Republican, rabidly conservative state of Idaho.

Church is one of six liberal senators fingered for political liquidation this year by the National Conservative Political Action Committee of Arlington, Virginia. Terry Dolan, NCPAC's national director, considers Church his prime target. "By 1980 there will be people voting against Church without remembering why," Dolan boasted last year. Since January 1979 NCPAC and its Idaho affiliate, the Anyone But Church Project, have spent about \$200,000 to defeat Church, more money than NCPAC has spent against any other incumbent senator. They have filled Idaho's media with ads questioning Church's patriotism, frugality, and integrity. ABC even started a telephone hotline where callers can listen to a minute-long diatribe against Church—a new one each day.

So far, NCPAC's negative, hard-hitting approach unquestionably has helped Symms, even though in the final weeks of the campaign he has attempted to put some distance between himself and NCPAC. "The Anyone But Church Committee has done the job on Church," moaned Hank Boomer, an attorney and one of Church's campaign coordinators. "They have created an aura of prejudice against him. People say they are voting against Church, but they don't know why."

NCPAC put Church on the defensive early, causing him to look unsenatorial at least once when he railed against it for using Hitler's "big lie technique." It created a psychology among voters that Church could be defeated this year and it raised issues that have been used throughout the campaign. One of the issues NCPAC harps on is the Panama Canal Treaty, an issue which rests in peace in most other states. In 1978, Church was floor manager for the treaty even though public opinion polls show Idahoans were overwhelmingly opposed to it. To make matters worse, Church told Idahoans that they would have voted as he did if they had known as much about the treaty and conditions in Panama as he. "The people of Idaho sent a lot of letters against the treaty and he ignored the wishes of the people," observed state representative Elaine Kearnes, an Idaho Falls Republican. "That hit home. He ignored the people, and the people don't like to be ignored."

Church has tried to repair the damage by spending up to eight minutes of his half-hour television call-in shows explaining his vote for the Panama Treaty. One of his campaign pamphlets pictures him in Panama with the late John Wayne, a supporter of the treaty. Nevertheless, with Idaho's conservative and ultra-patriotic voters, the Panama Canal issue could be an important factor in dashing Church's reelection hopes.

NCPAC is not Church's only problem—Congressman Symms is no slouch. When he ran for Congress in 1972, Symms, 42, was a political neophyte who grew apples on a slope overlooking the Snake River. No one was more surprised than Symms when he knocked off a veteran Republican legislative leader in the primary

and then beat the Democratic nominee, a close friend of then governor Cecil Andrews, in the general election. No Democrat has come close to beating the colorful and personable Symms since 1972. Two years ago he beat his Democratic challenger with almost 60 percent of the vote by winning several traditionally Democratic, blue-collar counties. That victory set the stage for the showdown with Church.

NCPAC's attacks on Church have freed Symms to take the high road in the campaign. While NCPAC excoriates Church's character, Symms emphasizes traditional pocketbook issues, such as unemployment and inflation. Symms also works on erasing his anti-people image, which he earned by voting consistently against social programs over the past eight years. For example, he has tried to woo senior citizen support away from Church by blaming inflation on the free-spending Democratic Congress and Church. Symms also has attempted to link a preservation plan for Idaho's River of No Return Wilderness—the biggest wilderness area in the lower 48 states—to unemployment in the timber industry. Congress approved the Church-sponsored River of No Return Wilderness Bill this summer over the objection of Symms and Idaho's two other representatives in Congress.

DESPITE THESE anti-Church barrages, things are not as bleak for Church as they appeared last June. Church claims a precarious lead in most public opinion polls. The latest poll by the *Idaho Statesman*, released September 28, shows Church with a two percent lead over Symms, with 17 percent undecided. Many political analysts in Idaho believe that Symms's support may have peaked in mid-summer. They point to several developments to back up this view and to give Church supporters renewed optimism. First, last June the *Idaho Statesman* reported stories about Symms's speculation on the silver futures market. The report said Symms, who sits on the House subcommittee that oversees the Commodities Futures Trading Commission, was trading on the market about the same time that Texas billionaire Nelson Bunker Hunt was attempting to corner the silver market. Hunt sits on Symms's campaign finance committee. The silver story was followed in August by another report about Symms being an alleged "womanizer." The womanizer rumor was pervasive in southeastern Idaho, a key region in the Symms-Church race and an area dominated by Mormon voters. The allegation was spread by two letters to the editor which appeared in at least six southeastern Idaho newspapers. Republicans charged that Church and the labor unions spread the allegation, but no proof has emerged to confirm either charge.

Another damaging development came in late August when it was revealed that Symms had flip-flopped on the right-to-work issue. To get the endorsement of one local union president, Symms pledged that he no longer supported national right-to-work legislation. At

the same time, he was listed as the co-sponsor of a national right-to-work bill in the House and had assured the National Right-to-Work Committee that he would support such legislation if he were elected to the Senate. That *faux pas* may cost Symms many votes among northern Idaho's miners and sawmill workers, two groups he has worked hard—maybe too hard—to attract.

Meanwhile, with no national or international issues on his side, Church has resorted to the oldest of political strategies: reminding voters who brings home the bacon. Church has emphasized what he has done for Idaho and what he calls Symms's deplorable record of getting things done for the state. Seldom does Church miss an opportunity to remind voters that he has helped 100,000 Idahoans with their problems over the past 24 years. Church has given many firsthand demonstrations of the power he wields. In September he forced the Defense Department to stop buying frozen potatoes from a European processor for the troops in Europe, a practice detrimental to Idaho's potato growers. More recently, Washington senator Henry Jackson, chairman of the Senate Energy and National Resources Committee, campaigned with Church in Idaho Falls, a city which could decide the outcome of the election. Some 40 miles west of Idaho Falls is a large US Department of Energy nuclear research facility on which Idaho Falls's economy is heavily dependent. The facility's programs must be approved by Jackson's Committee—and Church is the ranking majority member.

On the occasion of Jackson's visit, Church—sounding much more confident than he did last June in his Senate office—took the opportunity to remind voters: "Steve Symms has never passed a single piece of legislation in all his eight years in Congress. When it comes to passing legislation so important to this state, the people of Idaho come to me because I am the one who gets the job done." It may be enough to keep him in office.

Rod Gramer

Rod Gramer is a political reporter for the Idaho Statesman.

Bayh-gones.

Indiana

Indianapolis

"Liberalism is a thing of the past—the 1960s and 1970s," says Senator Birch Bayh's 33-year-old Republican opponent, Fourth District US representative Dan Quayle. "Birch Bayh simply does not represent Indi-

ana. He is too liberal. He would not be in New York or Massachusetts. That's his biggest fault. That is why I run against him." And in a statewide televised debate with Bayh on September 14, Quayle elaborated: "Senator Bayh's brand of liberalism is out of step not only for the country but particularly for Indiana. It is a more moderate to conservative state."

The "liberal" indictment is old hat for Bayh. GOP candidates William D. Ruckelshaus and Richard G. Lugar pounded the same accusation in the 1968 and 1974 elections. Bayh, who edged Homer Capehart in 1962 by 10,944 votes, defeated Ruckelshaus by 71,885 as Democratic presidential candidate Hubert H. Humphrey was losing Indiana by 261,226. Bayh's margin over Lugar was 75,152.

"If you look at my finances," says Bayh, "you will find almost exactly half comes from the working people of my state, whom I do not call liberal. The other half comes from business PACs, who feel that because of what I have done I have been able to keep them in business."

But the fact that Bayh has never won big lends credence to Quayle's analysis of Indiana's political landscape. Since 1960 the state has elected two Democratic and two Republican governors—none liberal. Of the present seven Democratic congressmen, only Third District representative John Brademas is in Bayh's liberal class. John A. Hillenbrand II, the nominee for governor, is a self-described Jeffersonian Democrat. Since 1971, Democrats have controlled the state Senate only one session and the House one session.

How has Bayh, a widower at 52, managed to swim so successfully upstream? "Birch Bayh has strong points," Quayle says. "He is smart. He is very personable. He is a very strong campaigner. He sounds like George Wallace back home, but he votes like George McGovern and Teddy Kennedy in Washington. He doesn't admit he is a liberal. You hear him talk a very conservative line. He sounds a lot like Lugar and Quayle." Backers say Bayh simply has been a highly effective doer for Indiana. And everyone agrees that Bayh is a masterful performer on the campaign trail.

In this campaign Bayh pleads for contributions by stressing, correctly, that "I am on the hit list of every right-wing group in the country." Particularly active against him in Indiana are the National Conservative Political Action Committee, the Moral Majority, Indiana Right to Life, and an SOB (Ship Out Bayh) Committee headed by state representative Anthony Miles, Republican of Indianapolis, a John Birch Society member. The Bayh camp professes to fear that NCPAC will loose 11th-hour campaign calumny—too late to refute. William Grier, directing NCPAC's Indiana operation, says, "All we have ever called him is senator and liberal. That's all we're going to call him."

The big-gun commercials being prepared for the final month of the campaign spell out the main thrusts of the two candidates. Quayle calls for "a new genera-

tion of leadership." Senator Bayh's Congress, he says, is wedded to the old economic policy of deficit spending even as inflation and unemployment soar and the federal debt nears one trillion dollars. The nonpartisan National Taxpayers Union rates Bayh as the 15th biggest spender in the Senate—but he has voted 35 times since 1974 to cut national defense, Quayle says. The Republican also charges that Bayh has never voted against any of the 399 federal agencies created since 1962. In four years, Quayle says, he has voted against 16.

Bayh in turn assails the "Kemp-Roth-Quayle" tax bill as a bonanza for the rich. It would give someone earning \$100,000 a year a \$4,000 tax break, but someone making \$10,000 only a \$52 cut, he says. Bayh describes himself as the nation's number one gasoholic, citing his championship of that fuel mixture. He blames energy prices as the major cause of inflation, and continues demands for a break-up of the major oil companies and for oil price controls. Bayh quotes Quayle as saying he supports decontrol because it will spur exploration and production by US oil companies. "If you believe that, you believe in the Easter Bunny," says Bayh.

Bayh, chairman of the Transportation Appropriations subcommittee, says he solves problems. He cites successful battles with federal regulators to save thousands of Hoosier jobs; his Bayh American legislation; his drive for expanded use of coal; and his "pro-life" health-care legislation for children, the aged, and mentally ill. Bayh opposes, and Quayle backs, proposed constitutional amendments to restrict abortion, and to mandate a balanced federal budget.

On September 15, Quayle disclosed a poll by Market Opinion Research which showed him trailing Bayh by only four points—49 to 45, with six percent undecided. This would be a significant gain from an eight-point deficit by June, but the new poll was taken September 5 to 10, before the televised Quayle-Bayh debate. Neither was blown out in the confrontation, but the consensus was that Bayh got the best of it.

Liberal Bayh, who whipped two eminently qualified conservative-to-moderate challengers in 1968 and 1974 in a state not overrun by liberals, is still favored to

survive in 1980. He is banking on his usual fervent backing from organized labor.

But if Ronald Reagan carries Indiana by a big enough margin—some say 300,000 votes—Bayh could join Vance Hartke, Homer Capehart, James E. Watson, Daniel W. Voorhees, and Jesse David Bright in a melancholy parade of Hoosier senators who fell short in fourth-term bids.

Gordon Englehart

Gordon Englehart is a correspondent for the *Louisville Courier Journal*.

Culver's cornfed jihad.

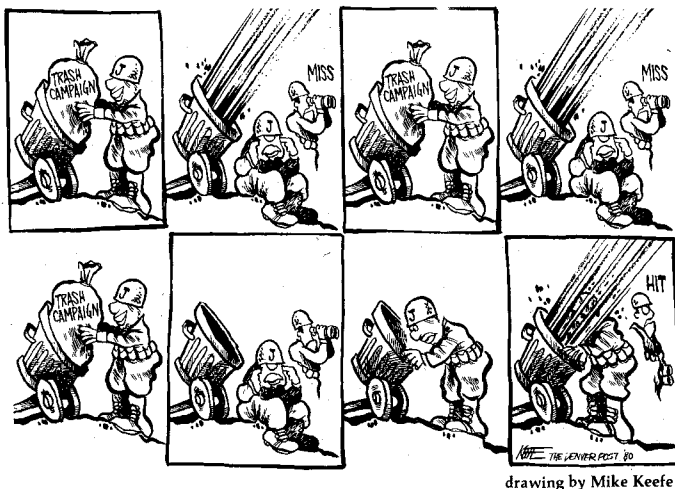
Iowa

Des Moines

Senator John Culver stood in the posh dining room atop the tallest office building in Iowa addressing the political action officers of the Des Moines Chamber of Commerce. In his left hand he held a steak knife. It was not a pro-Culver group. Nor was the senator's ringing defense of poverty programs the usual grist of Chamber speeches. The knife was to have served as a pointer on some charts Culver had brought to the meeting. He never got around to using the charts, but the knife remained in his hand, slashing at the air. Culver noted how the federal government is spending money to provide safe drinking water in the poorest region of the state. "Now, you may be able to drink Perrier water, but those people can't," Culver roared as he poked at the table with the knife.

With speeches like this, John Chester Culver is running for reelection against Charles Grassley, a conservative three-term Republican congressman. Culver's campaign is peppered with strong defenses of traditional liberal views. At a time when some have sought to shade their records, Culver has chosen to defend his, and polls show that Culver, who trailed in the early polls, has fought Grassley to a dead heat—with some recent surveys giving the senator a slight edge. But Culver is not doing well in the campaign because he's found a new way to spell progressive. He's doing well because he's a good political streetfighter who has gotten a few breaks and who often has been able to make Grassley or the new right the issue.

Culver entered the race as the underdog. Polls showed him trailing Grassley by wide margins. Roger Jepsen had defeated Democratic senator Dick Clark in 1978. Culver had job approval ratings that were lower than Clark's. Iowa has never reelected a Democratic US senator to a second full term.



A former football player at Harvard and a National Football League draft choice, Culver came back and said "You don't count the score until the final gun goes off." His pitch was no less blunt and pragmatic. "If organized labor doesn't get off its duff and start working and start producing the votes," he told a labor group early in the campaign, "you're going to have one less vote in the Senate. If I get defeated in November, you can bet it will be a cold day in hell before Iowa ever elects another friend of labor. It won't hurt me any if I get defeated. The day I leave office, I'll be earning twice what I do now, and make it without half the headaches, too. But it will cost you union members dearly. I promote trade unionism anytime, anywhere, but I'll be damned if I'm going to keep on doing it if I can't get your support when I need it."

At the same time, increasing numbers of Democrats, feeling guilty about the downfall of Dick Clark in 1978, said they were willing to do the nuts-and-bolts work of grassroots politicking. They wanted to atone for their 1978 sin. Said Peter Smith, Clark's former press secretary who signed on with Culver, "This is a holy war."

Culver has been able to attack Grassley effectively for opposing most-favored-nation trading status with the Peoples Democratic Republic of China—free trade is an important issue in this state which earns millions from exports—and for his failure to take a position on the state ERA. New right groups, including the Moral Majority, also have provided Culver with ammunition in his crusade against Grassley. Culver knows he's a target and he proudly announces that "This is one target that's shooting back."

The Reverend Jerry Falwell, founder of the Moral Majority, has come to Iowa to start organizing fundamentalist churches to register evangelicals who haven't voted in the past and to get them out to vote this time. Culver's favorite response to the challenge from the Christian right is to quote Matthew 25: " 'Have you helped feed the hungry? Have you brought water to the thirsty? Have you healed the sick? Have you clothed the needy? To the extent you've done unto these the least of us, you have done unto me.' I don't think conservatives can improve on that rating system," he adds.

Polls and politicians both indicate that many Iowans don't like the Moral Majority's tactics. Governor Robert Ray and the state's conservative Republican lieutenant governor, Terry Branstad, warned recently that the activities of these fundamentalists could trigger a backlash. "I have a general feeling they are scaring some people," Branstad says. Grassley insists that the groups aren't connected with his campaign, but he declines to reject their activities on his behalf.

Grassley's campaign, both on the stump and in his advertising, accuses Culver of voting to increase federal spending and voting to weaken the nation's military. Culver, says Grassley, is "the US senator most responsible for the weakening of our defenses." Polls

have shown that Grassley runs strong among farm voters and among elderly Iowans, an important group of voters in this state since Iowa has the third oldest population of any state in the country. But the issue of the elderly is one that Culver has turned back on Grassley. In the early stages of the campaign, Grassley criticized Culver for voting for Social Security tax increases. Culver's response was that Grassley has voted for every increase in benefits but against every proposal to increase the revenues. "If Congressman Grassley's vote is an indication of what Congress will do," says a Culver television ad, "Social Security will go broke."

But while Culver is savaging Grassley's record, he's not calling his own a liberal one. He calls it "progressive"—a line Grassley jumps all over. "You want to know what a progressive is?" asks Grassley. "That's a liberal running scared." Politicians are unlikely to find a new, politically acceptable definition of American liberalism emerging from Iowa in 1980. Instead, they may learn something about aggressive, hardball political campaigning. And perhaps there's something to be learned about the need for good get-out-the-vote operations, since such mechanisms are crucial in resolving close elections like this one. There's something for small-state politicians to learn about the need for a lot of retail, one-on-one campaigning. After all, it's hard to think of someone as an ogre if he or she has stopped to shake hands.

Culver has told associates he wants to win to "give a little starch" to other liberals around the country. He's trying for starch, all right, but no redefinition of liberalism. If no new ideas are being harvested in Iowa this fall, perhaps it's because John Culver seems very content with the old ones.

David Yepsen

David Yepsen is a reporter for the Des Moines Register.

Liberalism remaindered.

New York

New York

New York State may elect a right-wing Republican senator this year. Unlike Jim Buckley, the previous model, this one would be neither soft-spoken nor aristocratically civil. Al D'Amato, the Hempstead, Long Island, town supervisor, is tough as nails, and intent on winning above all. I confess to seeing how his hit-em-with-a-two-by-four approach to politics might be appealing. Jim Buckley's 1970 slogan "Isn't It Time We had a Senator?" appealed largely to white working-

class and middle-class folk, many of them Catholic, who felt left out by the programs of the 1960s. But Jim Buckley was never at one with the "we" he was appealing to, what with his Ivy League demeanor and quiet conservatism. But Al D'Amato—now here's a guy who an Italian storekeeper in Bay Ridge or an Irish cop in Queens Village knows is tough and was not born to wealth or power. When D'Amato says he'll "fight for the middle class" he looks like he means to do it. That D'Amato's way of doing this might mean making life even more unpleasant for a mother rearing deprived children in the slums is not much discussed. But that doesn't mean much to D'Amato politically, since he doesn't need the votes of the poor, the black, or those who claim to care about them.

NEW YORK'S liberals are divided. It is a tradition here. With an ungracious campaign built on attacks on Jacob Javits's age and health, D'Amato slew the previously unbeatable last real Republican (Clifford Case, remember, lost in New Jersey two years ago). That D'Amato did so represented no great swing to the right by the Republican faithful. They always have been more conservative than their leaders. The Republican conservatives' problem was that Nelson Rockefeller—one of the least adept presidential candidates and most adept users of state political power in history—managed to prevent unsightly primaries in which his authority, and that of his friends, might be challenged. But Javits is fighting on in November as the Liberal party's candidate. The Liberal party, which has its roots in the old American Labor party and which was set up as a vehicle for garnering for FDR the votes of Socialist and Jewish voters opposed to Tammany Hall democracy, also has nominated John Anderson, about whom more in a moment.

Javits's presence in the race is what is making life so difficult for Democratic representative Elizabeth Holtzman, who otherwise can count on winning with relative ease. Javits, however, steals some liberal votes from Holtzman, and probably will do especially well among centrist Democrats who supported Holtzman's primary opponent, Bess Myerson. Holtzman is a strong dove on foreign policy, which has made her the subject of attacks by D'Amato, who really is just echoing some of the things Myerson said. Symptomatic of Holtzman's troubles is Mayor Ed Koch's stand. Koch, who strongly supported Myerson in the primary, has endorsed Holtzman. But the mayor still says Myerson should have won the primary, and says nothing but nice things about Javits. Ed Koch never was very good at hiding his real feelings.

All of which is far more interesting than the presidential race. Anderson got a major political boost in September out of his endorsement by the Liberal party, which now probably regrets its decision to break with its tradition of endorsing Democratic candidates. Anderson's hard-core support here is made up of Jewish voters who hate Carter and would be punished by

their consciences and their grandmothers if they voted for a Republican as conservative as Reagan. But even among Jews, Anderson's support is slipping, according to the polls.

In New York at least, it does look as if an Anderson vote will help Reagan. And that is probably Reagan's main hope here. Democrats seem to be coalescing around Carter, albeit with little more enthusiasm than Yankee fans will muster in rooting for Kansas City in the World Series. In 1976, Carter made hay out of a *Daily News* headline suggesting that President Ford had told New York to "drop dead." This year, the subways are full of signs quoting Ronald Reagan as saying that he had included in his evening prayers a request that God would intervene to stop a "bail-out of New York." (God must have been listening to other people's prayers.) Carter, as pollster Peter Hart once said, is the "remainder candidate" for people who have rejected all other possibilities. The levers in New York's voting machines will be pulled with much more verve by Reagan and Anderson voters, but the machines measure only votes, not the torque on the levers. Which probably will be Carter's salvation.

The Senate race is a toss-up, and that is due largely to the intellectual and political problems now confronting liberals. Holtzman is a very smart and able politician who, while not backing away from her liberalism, has emphasized that she too is for defense, and has also done much more than most liberals to root out government waste. The *Village Voice* did a big exposé of D'Amato's involvement with the much investigated Nassau County Republican machine (entitled the "Shame of the Suburbs") and Holtzman is using these charges against D'Amato.

BUT A LOT of old liberals are more comfortable with the moderate noises that Jacob Javits makes, in part because they are simply more hawkish than Holtzman. There are a lot of reasons to think that Javits is, this year as always, the perfect general election candidate who can unite partisans of center and center-left politics against what he claims are the "extremes." But the two parties, as John Anderson is learning, still count for something, and Javits's task remains formidable.

Javits is hoping that the sniping between Holtzman and D'Amato will begin to swing voters his way. If the race crystallizes as a choice between the two major parties, however, Holtzman probably will win and Javits—who despises D'Amato—could conceivably ease Holtzman's way by withdrawing.

If neither scenario comes to pass, it is quite possible that come January, Jesse Helms and Orrin Hatch and John Tower will have a new ally. Only this time he will be "the distinguished junior senator from New York." Imagine that.

The possibility of a D'Amato victory on a split liberal vote certainly does not mean that liberalism has gone comatose in New York. But it is a troubled ideology.

Would the Liberal party have nominated someone as conservative as John Anderson eight years ago? Or, for that matter, would the Democrats have chosen someone like Jimmy Carter? The foreign policy splits among liberals remain wide. Little besides defense of the welfare state unites them in their approach to domestic matters—and even here, the consensus ain't what it used to be. Should Holtzman survive the fragmentation on the left, she and a handful of other members of the faithful liberal remnant will have their work cut out for them.

E. J. Dionne

E. J. Dionne is a reporter for the New York Times.

Test of a liberal handshake.

South Dakota

Sioux Falls

Senator George McGovern of South Dakota this fall faces a question tantamount to the survival of many American liberals: how can he, a liberal, win reelection in his conservative home state with the winds of the new right blowing in his face? McGovern has been a target of conservative organizations from the Moral Majority to the National Conservative Political Action Committee, so his fate November 4 is seen as a litmus test of the strength of these right-wing groups and the resiliency of American liberalism.

New right representatives have been hammering away at McGovern for two years, but there are two major mitigating tenets of South Dakota politics that have cushioned their impact. The first is that, although nationally McGovern has gained prominence as a liberal, he never has been elected in South Dakota because he is a liberal. He has won in his home state because he shook more hands, walked more main streets, and drove more dirt roads than his opponents, then demonstrated an ability to speak out in Washington. That is how candidates campaign in South Dakota, and it is how many of its voters judge their politicians. In the process, ideologies tend to lose their significance. So McGovern's political future may depend more upon his handshake than upon his stature as a liberal standard-bearer.

Secondly, the moral ground from which many of the new right groups draw their ideological support always has been a prominent part of society in the small, isolated communities of South Dakota. Morality and politics still go hand in hand in rural America, and the ideals of the disciples of the new right always have been a basic part of rural South Dakota. The effects of

a national conservative moral shift in politics, then, aren't as profound as they might be elsewhere. And McGovern has been elected five times before in a state that thinks it is conservative.

Many urban American problems, around which political philosophies are shaped, are different than those of rural South Dakota. Hence, the ideological stands McGovern takes on urban issues have no direct bearing on his electorate. Federal busing, social programs, and mass transit don't apply in a state where the largest city has barely 80,000 people. Farmers who call themselves conservatives share McGovern's belief that the government should guarantee agriculture prices. The labels "liberal" and "conservative" generally are applied to personal decisions, such as abortion, but aren't necessarily relevant on nuts-and-bolts issues of government, such as farm programs.

Additionally, candidates in South Dakota often are judged more on whether they look a voter in the eye than on where they stand on the issues. McGovern learned this in his first campaign in 1956, when he criss-crossed the state in a beat-up Chevrolet to become the first Democrat elected to high office in South Dakota in 20 years. He is running that way again, but the Chevrolet has been replaced by an airplane.

McGovern is in a three-way race for the Senate this year. But his major opponent is Representative James Abdnor, an eight-year veteran of the House who represents the western two-thirds of South Dakota—a vast expanse of prairie dotted with small towns, farms, ranches, and Indian reservations. (The third man in the race is Wayne Peterson, a former rancher and American Agriculture Movement activist with virtually no chance of winning. He could pull some votes from Abdnor, however.)

Ideologically, McGovern and Abdnor are separated by a chasm wider than the muddy Missouri River that dissects the heart of South Dakota. McGovern favors the Equal Rights Amendment; Abdnor is against it. McGovern is pro-choice on abortion; Abdnor wants a constitutional amendment to prohibit it. Abdnor, a bachelor, gained political prominence by rising through well-established South Dakota Republican ranks. He served 12 years in the state legislature and was lieutenant governor in 1969 and 1970. Abdnor's strongest political support comes from a coalition of conservative farmers and ranchers and influential members of the South Dakota banking and business community. Abdnor is a 30-year veteran of South Dakota politics, and he knows how to run the kind of personal campaign it takes to win in the state. Therefore, this is an election that might be won on the main streets and in the small towns of South Dakota, not through any grand ideological debate, although Abdnor would want it that way. Abdnor thinks his conservatism fits more into South Dakota thinking than McGovern's liberalism—and in many ways it does.

But South Dakota voters don't always choose on the

basis of ideology. This still is essentially a populist state, with an economy rooted deeply in agriculture, without any dominating single-issue groups. By definition, populism implies that power ultimately rests with the people; therefore, it follows that those elected to public office should be willing to speak out. That explains why a state seemingly as conservative as South Dakota had, from 1972 through 1978, perhaps the most liberal Senate tandem of any state in the Union in McGovern and former senator James Abourezk. Although they may have disagreed with Abourezk's liberal voting record, South Dakotans to a larger degree admired his maverick outspokenness.

South Dakota's small population (690,000 people and 410,000 voters) lends itself to personal campaigns. While the McGovern and Abdnor campaign staffs slug it out through a massive paid media war this fall, the two candidates will meet personally with a third or more of the voters in the state. McGovern's national stature probably will make this race the most expensive per voter in the nation. McGovern will spend upward of two million dollars and Abdnor about \$1.2 million. Most of McGovern's money comes through national direct-mail appeals. This massive spending makes the Senate race the major game in the state this year; Ronald Reagan has a virtual lock on South Dakota's four electoral votes.

McGovern, 58, has fought the forces of the new right for two years, starting with a battle against an in-state group called Target McGovern, which spent about \$200,000 in direct mail and advertising. The National Conservative PAC spent about \$150,000 in the primary election, where McGovern for the first time faced opposition from within his own party. Anti-abortion groups also worked against McGovern. The senator won the primary by 62 to 38 percent. New right groups have been almost invisible since mid-summer, however, and McGovern probably has scored as many points attacking conservatives as he lost from their blasts. McGovern also has attacked Abdnor for refusing to debate; Abdnor defended his reluctance as an attempt to keep the campaign on ideological grounds, but McGovern has portrayed this reluctance as an inability to speak out.

McGovern has been on the defensive because of his liberalism, but he also was under this attack in 1974, when he won his third Senate term. In June he defended—but not necessarily redefined—his liberal politics at the state Democratic convention. Government's most successful and humane programs, McGovern argued, are the results of liberal politics.

Crossing the dusty main streets of this state, McGovern comes across as a dignified, senatorial presence; Abdnor, with a slight speech impediment, more earthy and common. This personality choice, more than anything, is what will decide the outcome.

There are no independent political polls in South Dakota, but McGovern conceded that his poll showed him more than 10 percent behind in late June. How-

ever, his intensive personal campaign since then, plus two Abdnor campaign blunders, appear to close the gap and the race now looks even. The first came when former president Gerald Ford called for a debate while he was in South Dakota campaigning for non-debating Abdnor. The second mistake was in mid-September, when Abdnor acknowledged that his campaign had mistakenly forgotten to list \$36,000 in political action committee contributions. Both McGovern and Abdnor say the final vote will be close. McGovern's incumbency, though, plus his headstart on personal campaigning, should be enough to win reelection.

Charles Raasch

Charles Raasch is a reporter for the Sioux Falls Argus-Leader.

Maggie no longer walks on water.

Washington

Seattle

Governor Dixy Lee Ray, who dominated the politics of Washington State for four years without ever learning much about it, resurrected the issue of an oilport for super-tankers on northern Puget Sound one day last spring in a conversation with Chris Carlson, the newly appointed northwest director of the Interior Department. The impetuous governor was reminded of an amendment to the 1977 Marine Mammals act which forbids oilport construction east of the entrance to the Sound, passed with imperial dispatch by Senator Warren Magnuson, Democrat of Washington, after Ray vetoed similar state legislation. "I also reminded her," recalled Carlson, "that 'Maggie' doesn't want an oilport on Puget Sound and that as president pro tempore of the Senate and chairman of the Appropriations Committee he had sufficient clout to stop the oilport.

"Well she looked at me across her desk, clenched her jaw, and replied firmly, 'Warren Magnuson is not Jesus Christ.'"

Indeed, at 75 Maggie cannot walk on the waters of Puget Sound. Nor does he walk the streets of Seattle or the corridors of power in Washington, DC, the way he used to. The head is quick, but the legs aren't the same as they were when Maggie's reputation as an everyman's playboy almost equaled his congressional influence as poker-playing sidekick to presidents Harry Truman and Lyndon Johnson. He was the guy who brought home the bacon, the Grand Coulee Dam, and the health care funds to the Pacific Northwest, the liberal legend, a hero to those who truly believed the federal government could help the lives of ordinary citizens. The legend is old. So is Maggie. Both are in deep trouble this election in Washington State.

It could be worse. Magnuson's opposition, the lean, 51-year-old Republican Slade Gorton, is an attorney general of brilliance, a former majority leader of the state House of Representatives, and an economic conservative of stern conviction. He believes the federal budget must be balanced and would, ultimately, support a constitutional amendment to that effect. So firm is his commitment to free enterprise, he is leading several states in their antitrust action against the 10 major West Coast oil companies for alleged collusion in the gasoline shortages of 1973-74. To top it off, Gorton has pressed for state legislation to force big oil to divest itself of retail gasoline outlets in Washington State.

Gorton's politics, obviously, are not necessarily the "conservatism" of the far right, which has held Gorton in much the same disdain as it regards Magnuson. Gorton clobbered a candidate of the Republican right wing, Lloyd E. Cooney, in the state's September 17 primary election. It cost him a lot, but gave him the momentum to rise in post-election polls to a dead heat with the senior senator, an incumbent for the past 36 years. The race is a toss-up.

"We Republicans in this state aren't known for loving one another," said Max Benitz, the state GOP chairman. "But this time, by God, we're working together. Slade has done a good job in holding those who, ah, think he's too liberal." Gorton is clearly the lesser evil for these GOP activists who likely will carry this state for Ronald Reagan. Cooney is backing the candidate. The Republican National Committee, smelling upset, has kicked in \$184,000 to the campaign. From the political action committees, however, it's peanuts, about \$20,000 in pledges as of early October. The PACs stick with power.

MAGNUSON WILL NOT want for campaign money. As of August 27, political action committees had contributed \$290,000 and individual contributions, \$418,000. He could raise two million dollars before election day. The PAC contributors represent mostly labor, health, and transportation interests. He is refusing oil money and using \$100,000 to purchase television advertisements produced by David Sawyer of New York. These emphasize Magnuson's power: to bring home one billion dollars in Mount St. Helens volcano disaster funds, to thwart Dixy Lee Ray's oil-port dreams. "Power" and "Magnuson" blend in these slick ads like gin and tonic.

But it's Dixy who may save it for the Senate's second ranking member. Not intentionally, mind you. She has described the senator as a "dictator," surely as ill-fitting a pejorative as ever hurled at this creature of the Congress. She openly bartered with at least one state politician, and maybe three others, over prospects of the appointment to replace Magnuson should he die in office. It was both ghoulish and revitalizing.

Magnuson has endured for 36 senatorial years because of his common touch, his refusal to hold

grudges, and his fine political timing. He waited until the Washington State Democratic Convention June 14 to exorcise the actuarial stigma hung upon him by Governor Ray. Against all advice, Magnuson told the convention that, despite what some people are saying, "there ain't gonna be any vacancy" for Ray to fill. The words were mild, the effect explosive. The convention hall, loaded with backers of Jim McDermott, the other Democratic gubernatorial candidate, went wild. Ray stomped off stage and did not stop until she reached her Fox Island retreat. The Magnuson-McDermott ("M&M") combine was born. The rest was easier than it looked. McDermott overwhelmed Ray in the primary election, the first time since 1908 that an incumbent Washington governor has been denied a second term.

BOTH RACES attracted an enormous "crossover" vote, nominal Republicans voting for a Democrat and vice versa. This is the Mount St. Helens of Washington elections, the blanket primary. It buried Ray and greatly helped Gorton as Democrats crossed over either to defeat Cooney or, in some cases, to help nominate Cooney as the opponent easiest for Magnuson to defeat in the general election.

How these crossovers will vote on November 4 is the key question in the race. Some will stay with the candidate they perceive as a winner in the gubernatorial race: McDermott. But what of the state's independent voters? Will they go for Maggie one more time, or decide it's time for a change? They will settle the election. Magnuson is going after them with foot soldiers and telephone bank volunteers from the McDermott crusade against Ray. The coattails in this campaign are those of 43-year-old McDermott, a child psychiatrist by profession who privately predicted a year ago that Ray would drop out of her reelection campaign. So much for political psychiatry.

Like Magnuson, McDermott is a "liberal," a fact that has little relevance outside the Rainier Club in Seattle where bankers and industrialists decide which conservatives they will serve with their campaign contributions. What does count this year is the sense that things aren't going well. Detroit can't build an auto that drives straight and out-sells Toyota; a funny-looking dude in a long robe tells the US to kiss his ass and holds 51 Americans hostage; the dollar won't buy, in most cases, 90 percent of what it could a year ago. This isn't cynicism. It is a kind of dis-ease. President Carter wasn't far off the mark when he talked about it last year.

It's this dis-ease, not any conservative tide, that will likely win Washington's nine electoral votes for Ronald Reagan. The Moral Majority may thunder against unlicensed sex until its pulpits collapse, but it's not apt to sway as many minds as the threat posed by OPEC. A fear of impotence, not ideology, colors this election.

If Magnuson plays for votes by stressing the good that his power has done for Washington State, Gorton

stresses the flip side of this same theme: Magnuson's power has helped weaken the dollar, the national defense, the individual's self reliance. He is running a campaign based on the notion that people want a change either because of Maggie's age or their vague feeling that he's now "part of the problem in Washington."

"If I'd known I was going to live this long, I've have taken better care of myself," the Appropriations Committee chairman told aides last year. He's lived hard. Still, Maggie plans to stump the state for all to see.

"I know the polls show it's close, but I can't see the voters of this state going for Slade over Maggie," a respected judge who served with Gorton in the state legislature a decade ago said recently. "But I've been cloistered on the bench, not out in the combat. It may be a different state in 1980."

Shelby Scates

Shelby Scates is a reporter for the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Spend it all, Jay.

West Virginia

Charleston

The governors from six states leap out from the television screen to advise West Virginia voters what an asset they have in Governor Jay Rockefeller, a man with national "clout." The ad is only one of many and reflects an utter disregard for money in this election which pits the 43-year-old Democrat against Arch Moore, the former governor who in 1972 whipped the liberal Rockefeller by an unheard of 73,000 votes in a state where Rockefeller's party outnumbers Moore's two to one. Rockefeller, who clearly wants to be more than governor of West Virginia, cannot afford to lose this rematch.

This time the campaign is based solely on personalities and money—and most of the money is Rockefeller's. Elected in 1976 by a 200,000-vote margin, Rockefeller says this time he'll spend "what it takes" to beat Moore. Some believe he wants to humiliate Moore like he himself was humbled in 1972. Rockefeller has never denied Moore's allegation that he will spend \$12 million to get his way. He spent \$1.9 million against token opposition in the primary. Moore has needled Rockefeller on the spending issue. One Moore bumper sticker reads, "Make him spend it all, Arch."

Since 1972, John D. Rockefeller IV—who prefers the easygoing "Jay" in public, has gained political savvy in this state where coal is king. Back then he was wildly popular with liberals and environmentalists because

he wanted to outlaw strip-mining. He poured thousands of dollars into the palms of straight-faced southern politicians only to see that same money used to fuel his opponent's campaign. He was for collective bargaining for public employees. But four years later, he had mended his fences with the strippers, saying they had cleaned up their act. He's now against collective bargaining, and keeps a close eye on where his campaign money is being spent. Rockefeller's image as a Republican-turned-Democrat, a New York-born carpet-bagger, looking to make political hay with West Virginia hillbillies, led to his downfall in the 1972 gubernatorial election. After his defeat, he did not leave the state, as many thought he would, and that issue died out before his successful 1976 campaign.

Rockefeller attributes his new leanings to political maturity. His campaign hit the road early this year. His billboards are plastered everywhere and he has taken credit for virtually everything that has happened, even higher test scores in schools—"Just part of Jay's record for West Virginia." Radio and television ads testify to Jay's high-profile promotion of coal in Washington. As if to reinforce that, he has taken out ads on Washington television stations at a cost of \$4,000 to \$6,000 a minute. They reach only about five percent of the state population. Cost, it seems, is no object.

Rockefeller made an early preemptive strike on Moore and aimed at his opponent's chief source of money: the coal industry. Rockefeller has played close to the industry, coming out forcefully against more stringent federal regulations of coal. Rockefeller has been able to carry his coal promotion, financial emasculation strategy to a masterful degree. By stressing his sincere desire to promote coal, he also has been able to win the endorsement of the United Mine Workers. Moore has been left in the dust saying, "Me, too."

But Moore, 57, is a tough foe and a traditional winner in this state. Despite a well-publicized 1976 federal extortion trial, Moore came out unscathed and nearly toppled popular US senator Jennings Randolph in 1978, a remarkable feat for a man out of office two years. Moore's campaign this year, however, has lacked punch. Moore's accusation that Rockefeller's ad campaign was comparable to the Nazi's "big lie" backfired in every quarter. Moore has mentioned but failed to hit Rockefeller hard on such issues as the bankrupt unemployment compensation trust fund and the rising unemployment rate in the mines. Despite the fact that taxes will have to be increased next year to keep West Virginia's roads semi-passable, neither candidate has joined the issue. "They have a guy who is called a crook and a guy who's buying them right and left and making no bones about it," one observer sums up.

Moore, dogged by the *Charleston Gazette* about his finances, has largely shied away from the capital press. He prefers one-on-one campaigning, to the disgust of one party leader who said Moore may have been an excellent administrator but he doesn't know how to run a campaign. Because of financial difficulties, his

TV ads have begun to appear only recently and they lack any substantial punch at Rockefeller, harking back instead to his own good old days in office. Though Moore's ads have improved recently, he continues to trail heavily in every poll.

Rockefeller's saturation media blitz and his whirlwind tours around the state by helicopter and the state's airplane—he reimburses the state for its use—may turn some off, but it's clear it is turning many more around. People who hooted him before as a do-nothing simpleton, and who are now seeing his ads, are wondering if they didn't judge him wrong. It appears to be tough to argue against six governors from around the country touting Rockefeller's importance.

The governor also has struck Moore in another vital point in his campaign. The West Virginia Education Association has been flexing its political muscle this year (it knocked off five incumbent conservative state senators earlier this fall) and Moore, a longtime friend of the teachers, hoped to woo the WVEA into an endorsement. But Rockefeller operatives were able to battle Moore to a standstill in the WVEA executive council and WVEA—to Rockefeller's relief—endorsed no one.

Rockefeller's sole campaign issue is coal. Coal will produce more jobs, more money, better teachers' salaries without tax increases, better roads. He blithely ignores the fact that his much heralded coal conversion bill is locked up in a US House subcommittee where Democratic environmentalists are holding it hostage. Moore has said nothing about it. Rockefeller also ignores his own earlier warnings that West Virginia must be weaned from being a one-base economy state. But no one has reminded him of that, either.

Lost in the shuffle is the presidential race and its six electoral votes. "Jay'll just drag Jimmy along," one Democrat said.

The only other campaign of substance is out in the sprawling Second Congressional District, a 22-county region which is the largest east of the Mississippi River. Liberal state senator Pat Hamilton is trying to replace retiring Democratic representative Harley O. Staggers. So is Proctor & Gamble heir Cleveland Benedict, who has branded Hamilton an ultra-liberal in a deeply conservative district. The Republican is firing enough salvos at Hamilton to keep his campaign off track, forcing him repeatedly to answer whether he favors or hates gun control—apparently the lone issue. Meanwhile, Staggers, angry because Hamilton beat his son and namesake in the primary, has put the squeeze on big labor to shut off the financial spigot for Hamilton. Hamilton may survive, but it will be tough.

Despite his own protestations, it is clear that Rockefeller's ambitions lie beyond West Virginia. He refuses to discuss his political future, but it is coincidental that the seat occupied by US Democratic senator Jennings Randolph just happens to come open in 1984, which would be at the end of Rockefeller's second term if he is

reelected. His close White House and other Washington ties, his name and family connections, and his own driving political ambitions will most likely propel Rockefeller to the one goal his uncle could never achieve: running for president of the United States.

A. V. Gallagher

A. V. Gallagher covers West Virginia politics for United Press International.

Gaylord on the defensive.

Wisconsin

Madison

It has been a tough year for Gaylord Nelson, the Democratic senator from Wisconsin for the past 18 years. Nelson's Republican opponent, Robert Kasten, an articulate, 38-year-old, organizationally savvy conservative, is criss-crossing Wisconsin saying that the 64-year-old Nelson is out of touch with the voters, that his liberal ideas are out of date, that after 18 years it is time for a change.

Wisconsin's popular Republican governor, Lee Dreyfus, has been attacking Nelson for not fighting for as much federal disaster aid to help four counties devastated by a wind storm as Dreyfus believes the state should get. Nelson has ripped into Dreyfus as a "consummate fraud" for his statements, but the issue has put Nelson on the defensive, particularly in the out-state regions.

Until the beginning of October, not many Democrats in the state seemed to believe that Nelson really might be beaten this fall. He had rolled over his previous opponents with 62 percent of the vote in 1968 and 63 percent in 1974. But now they are worried. Nelson's polls say that he has very high name recognition and a very low negative rating among the voters. But they also say that his positive support is soft. A Kasten poll shows him in a dead heat with Nelson, with about 10 percent of the voters still undecided. Kasten said that poll showed Nelson to be weaker than expected among blue-collar workers and vulnerable on defense issues.

The Republicans, the conservative groups, and the religious right all have had Nelson on their hit lists, but he usually has been toward the bottom. They have not waged the year-long assaults on him that they have on other liberals such as George McGovern or Frank Church. Like the Democrats, these groups seemed to doubt that Nelson really could be beaten. Now that there is a chance for an upset, the national GOP has poured \$216,000 into Kasten's bid, the traditional conservative political action committees are opening up

their coffers to Kasten, and the battle is on.

Kasten is no stranger to campaigning or to upsets. He was elected to the state legislature and then to Congress by ousting entrenched Republicans in primary battles. He ran for governor in 1978, but lost to Lee Dreyfus in the primary. In that race, he was so confident of victory that he geared his organization toward the general election; the over-confidence cost him the nomination.

Kasten is a pragmatic Republican who watches polls carefully and tries to pitch his campaigns to trends he sees in the electorate. He has a business background, running a shoe factory with his father until it failed—a failure he blames on government over-regulation. He then got involved in real estate investments (an uncle was the head of the largest banking firm in the state). He is a bachelor, handsome, almost boyish in appearance, with a patrician air about him.

All of this contrasts with Nelson, who has built his past electoral successes more on his personal reputation than on any organization. He prides himself on being a leader, not merely a reflector of public opinion. "I will represent you as I see best," he recently told a meeting of labor leaders in Eau Claire. A balding, bespectacled man who loves to talk, Nelson frequently recalls his small-town Wisconsin roots. He has made it clear that he will not sacrifice time with his family just to shake a few extra hands. His garrulous nature and strong opinions make him more likely to argue issues with constituents than simply to nod in polite agreement.

But the contrasts are more than stylistic. And nowhere are they more sharply drawn than on issues of defense. Nelson has been a consistent advocate of limiting the military budget. He has opposed the B-1 bomber and the MX missile system. He told an enthusiastic crowd of students on the University of Wisconsin campus in Madison that it is "irrational" for the US to have spent \$1.4 trillion on military hardware in the last 18 years. He frequently points with pride to the fact that he was one of only three senators in 1965 to vote against appropriations for the Vietnam War.

At almost every stop, Nelson makes a pitch on behalf of the SALT II agreement. With the money both sides have spent on weapons, he told members of the Jewish community in Milwaukee, "both sides are more vulnerable and more insecure than 20 years ago. The only alternative to stopping the arms race is a war, which will mean the destruction of mankind."

Nelson has opposed reinstituting peacetime draft registration. The only military expenditures he supports are those designed to strengthen the nation's conventional military forces. Explaining all of this, Nelson tells interviewers that he will support whatever defense is necessary to protect the nation. But his notion of what that involves is considerably more limited than Kasten's.

Kasten is using Nelson's defense record against him, charging that Nelson has a "blatant disregard for mil-

itary preparedness." Kasten uses the "peace through strength" phrase popular with pro-military people, arguing against SALT II, for bigger and better weapons systems, and for a tougher stance against Soviet expansionism.

So far Nelson has not retreated from his positions and, in fact, uses his votes against military spending as examples of his frugality when Kasten tries to pin a "big spender" label on him. "I don't consider it a waste of money to vote for a nutrition program for the elderly," Nelson shot back when he was challenged on his spending record at a candidates' forum. "I do not consider it a waste of money to have public service CETA jobs to help young people without skills get jobs. I consider that an investment in the future."

The two are fighting on every issue down the line, even those on which they share some common ground. Nelson is one of the nation's premier environmentalists. Earth Day in 1970 was a Nelson brainchild and he has pushed for a wide variety of environmental legislation. Kasten in turn cites his own environmental record, which includes pushing a solid waste management plan through the state legislature. Nelson does not hesitate to tout his role as a leader in focusing government attention on the needs of small business. And though Kasten conceded in a debate before the state's small businessmen that Nelson has brought them some "small gain," he emphasized that the price was "massive regulations, higher costs, higher taxes, and a tougher environment in which to do business."

They split on deregulation of oil, fuel aid to the elderly, the Kemp-Roth tax cut bill, federal funds for abortions, and the Equal Rights Amendment. In each instance, Nelson takes the liberal side, Kasten the conservative one.

As election day approaches, Nelson seems to be banking on the voters' familiarity with him and the state's progressive traditions to give him six more years in office. Kasten, on the other hand, is staking his future on what his polls tell him is a shift to the right among the electorate and a desire for a change in leadership. The presidential race may have some impact on the contest. Though Wisconsin voters are notorious for splitting their ballots in several directions, Ronald Reagan seems to be ahead in the state, and that could help Kasten. John Anderson has a pocket of strength left here, and his voters may well choose Nelson.

But for the most part, it is Nelson and Kasten slugging it out with each other, using forums, speeches, and ads to attack one another's record, effectiveness, and dedication to the job. This race is shaping up as one of the roughest contests Wisconsin has seen in some time.

Phil Haslanger

Phil Haslanger is metropolitan editor at the Madison Capital Times.

Correspondence

As of October 12, we had received 151 letters commenting on our editorial endorsing John Anderson for president. Thirty-three of these supported our stand. Of 86 letters supporting President Carter, 30 expressed a positive preference for Carter over Anderson and 56 argued that voting for Anderson helps Ronald Reagan. There were two letters supporting Reagan, one for Ed Clark, and two for Barry Commoner. Twenty-seven letters were equivocal, condemned all the available candidates, made ancillary points, or were incoherent.

On any subject, most people who take the trouble to write letters to the editors do so because they disagree. In this case, we specifically invited dissenting comment. And we know that the Carter campaign solicited several of the letters we publish here. But in light of the very heavy response, we are devoting four pages to a selection of reader opinions.

To the editors:

It is profoundly disappointing for *The New Republic*, a journal in the liberal tradition, to endorse John Anderson, a proven conservative—with the knowledge that the endorsement really helps Reagan, the choice of the Moral Majority.

While I was not an earlier supporter of President Carter, I do not hesitate to support him now. His appointments to executive agencies and particularly to the judiciary have been outstanding. Not only has he appointed competent, concerned, and civilized liberals, he has appointed more women and minority judges than all the presidents before him. Moreover, while we have had some serious disagreements, the Carter record is very positive.

In contrast, the Anderson record after 20 years in Congress is dismal, and I am dismayed that you can gloss over that fact.

Your editorial makes much of President Carter's shortcomings. But to fault President Carter for gutting Humphrey-Hawkins of all content, and for failing to enact national health insurance, while at the same time endorsing John Anderson, strikes me as—to borrow your phrase—an act of political decadence.

John Anderson opposed Humphrey-Hawkins in any form, and opposes both the Kennedy and Carter national health insurance programs. In addition, John Anderson voted, in the 92nd, 93rd, 94th, and 95th Congresses, against food stamps for striking workers, he voted against labor law reform, against the creation of a Federal Consumer Protection Agency, and against most of the other programs favored by liberals and labor.

As one who has stood opposite John Anderson on many issues, I see his about-face on his own record as something entirely different from a "genuine

intellectual conversion."

The real truth is that we who are on the firing line cannot enjoy the luxury of casting a protest vote—especially when the protest is specious. Every progressive who fails to vote for Carter in this close election helps Ronald Reagan and his corps of suspect advisers. To do that is dangerous not only to liberalism, but to the nation as well.

Douglas A. Fraser, president
UAW
Detroit, Michigan

To the editors:

I applaud your courage in endorsing Anderson. The politics of lethargy and fear will drive millions of Americans to choose the lesser of two party-sanctioned evils. That is not good enough. Voices like yours create an alternative to a society of sheepish poll-watchers and obedient organization types.

We are not obliged to vote the major party lines. Anderson may win in November, but the American people surely will lose unless a strong showing is made for competence and progress in the White House.

I resubscribed to *TNR*. I wish there were more I could do for you.

Curt Anderson
Boston, Massachusetts

To the editors:

Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., Joseph Rauh, and *The New Republic* seem hell-bent on repeating the idiocy of 1968 by which liberal defectors from the Democratic party gave us six years of Richard Nixon and two years of Gerald Ford. Why do they refuse to support Carter? The pretense that John Anderson is a viable alternative to Carter or Reagan is ridiculous. The practical meaning of their position is that because Carter is not as liberal as they would like they prefer to have a stark reactionary as president. They may be suspected of

calculating, as radicals have been known to do, that putting an incompetent reactionary in power will result in such chaos that the voters will turn to the opposite extreme in the next election. That is, in fact, the only logical argument by which a liberal could endorse such a course of conduct as they advocate. The last time liberals undertook such a desperate gamble, we were lucky enough to escape total disaster. Apparently Schlesinger, Rauh, and *The New Republic* enjoy having all of us live dangerously.

Philip L. White
University of Texas
Austin, Texas

To the editors:

I am deeply dismayed by your most convincing condemnation of President Carter. The sad reality of your devastating diatribe is a ringing rally for Reagan. It is evident from the latest polls and John Anderson's lack of funds that a vote for Anderson by your liberal readers would be a vote for Reagan.

Can we afford a president who wants to blockade Cuba, throw out SALT II, and possibly get his best advice from his radical right advisers? War or peace hangs in the balance, and the odds for peace are in Carter's favor.

Ben Schiller
Sarasota, Florida

To the editors:

I was almost persuaded by Morton Kondracke's "Anderson Can Win," but did you count the "ifs" in that article? This is one Democrat who'll stick with President Carter.

Mrs. William H. Crowder
Columbia, Tennessee

P.S.: There were 13!

To the editors:

Your October 4 endorsement of John Anderson lambasted Carter's foreign policy for making us "neither respected nor feared nor loved." This may be true in Western Europe, but could not be more wrong in Latin America.

Carter's human rights policy—which you so glibly dismiss—both enhanced our diplomatic position in the hemisphere and helped improve the political environment in several countries. In Chile and Argentina, fewer dissidents were killed, and more released from prison, than probably would have occurred without Carter. The transition from rightist military governments

to elected democracies in the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Peru, and Honduras might not have succeeded without the solid support of Washington.

The human rights policy enabled democratic states like Venezuela, Costa Rica, and Barbados to work with us on important global and hemispheric issues—not because they feared us, but because they respected Jimmy Carter.

Democrats in Latin America are scared stiff of a Reagan victory—and with reason. Trapped in their narrow East-West vision, Reagan's advisers often see authoritarian governments as the best guarantee against communism. Latin democrats cannot afford the indulgence of American liberals supporting Anderson on principle.

Richard E. Feinberg
Fellow, The Woodrow Wilson Center
Washington, DC

To the editors:

A strong showing for John Anderson will weaken the already weak two-party system. The next time around, it will be even more likely that three or even more "serious" candidates would contest the general election—virtually assuring that the winner enters the White House with a weak mandate as a minority president. Like it or not, the two-party system is one of the few mechanisms we have for giving the victor some moral authority to speak for the nation as a whole; erosion cannot be cause for congratulation.

While this point would not be sufficient to dispose of a truly distinguished third-party candidate, how sure are we that Anderson will not disappoint even more than Carter has? And if Anderson did fail, where would we be in 1984—backing a fourth-party candidate? Better to preserve the two-party system and recapture the Democratic party in 1984 for a resurgent liberalism.

Bruce A. Ackerman
Yale Law School
New Haven, Connecticut

To the editors:

If the presidential election were held according to the rules of my academic department, my decision would be easy. I would list Anderson as my first choice, Carter as my second choice, with no fear that my vote would help Reagan in any way. If Anderson were to finish third, my vote would be assigned to Carter, unless, of course, someone got a majority of the first-place votes.

Elections are not for sending mes-

sages; elections are for electing. . . . I plan to hold my nose and vote for Carter. It's all right to draw to an inside straight, but not when you're playing for money.

Baruch S. Jacobson
Central Michigan University
Mount Pleasant, Michigan

To the editors:

I am sorry that you have endorsed Anderson. I suppose it's a consequence of your bitter feeling toward Carter. It's extraordinary how the vanity of intellectuals—the best and the brightest—can wither their common sense. You surely know that supporting Anderson helps Reagan and may elect him, and you must know that Reagan—with his age, his background, his ignorance of economics, his dangerous notion of the uses of military power—is unfit to be president of the United States.

George R. Walker
Concord, Massachusetts

To the editors:

We thank you for your unequivocal stand against the Carter vs. Reagan choice. It goes a long way toward attenuating the odor of the ADA endorsement of Carter.

Samuel and Freda Sass
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

To the editors:

In endorsing John Anderson, *The New Republic* all too casually dismisses the dangers of a Ronald Reagan presidency. You complain that President Carter has embraced supply-side economics and hiked the defense budget. But you ignore candidate Reagan's clearly stated intentions to go much further on both. You lamely acknowledge your mistake of failing to endorse Hubert Humphrey against Richard Nixon in 1968, saying that "Ronald Reagan is not Richard Nixon." You are right. He, in a way, could be much worse. Ronald Reagan is a man who offers simple answers to some of the most complex problems the world has known. That is an explosive mixture that is most dangerous for people who do not have the luxury of pondering problems from afar. A Ronald Reagan presidency might not make any difference in the lives of the editors of *The New Republic*. I say might not because I shudder at the thought of him having his finger on the nuclear button. But most people in this country cannot afford a Ronald Reagan presidency. . . .

After helping to give us Richard

Nixon, I wonder if you are comfortable with the possibility that you might be repeating your grave error of 12 years ago for the sake of ideological purity. There are significant differences between Carter and Reagan. You owe it to your readers to make a choice, not to advise them to throw their votes away in protest on a candidate who can't win.

Carl Levin
US Senate
Washington, DC

To the editors:

I have sat at meat with Norman Thomas as both literally and intellectually. I voted for him two times. I believe with Eugene V. Debs that the only way to throw your vote away is to vote for something you don't want because you know you are going to get it anyway. How then, you might ask, can I object to your backing John Anderson?

When I voted for Thomas I voted not only for a man, but for an idea, a germinal idea, an organized party, and a future inherent in that idea and that party. I voted for the future.

Anderson has no central germinal idea, no party, and, outside himself, no future. So I say to *TNR*, how could you!

Ernest G. Heissenbuttel
Greenville, Pennsylvania

To the editors:

President Carter has a better environmental record than Anderson. If Carter had not been elected in 1976, we would not now have the statute that protects farmland, mountains, and streams from the ravages of strip-mining. We would not have improved statutes to protect air and water. If he is not reelected, these laws and others could be weakened substantially and improvements that are badly needed will stand little chance in the next Congress.

In addition, the president also has made it possible to make enormous progress in establishing many new national parks and wilderness areas and has set back the forces that would like to dam many of the remaining free-flowing streams in this country. The most far-reaching of his actions in this regard was the establishment by executive order of new national monuments and wildlife refuges to protect the most spectacular wildlands in Alaska. . . .

Anderson's environmental record in the House is mediocre at best, although there are some bright spots. In the six years before 1980, Anderson on the average ranked in the lower half of the

House of Representatives on environmental issues (241st). On crucial votes on the House floor, he voted to defend the environment 38 percent of the time, voted wrong 38 percent of the time, and was absent 26 percent of the time from 1971 to 1979. Congressman Anderson now says he has grave doubts about nuclear power, yet during his time in office he always voted to promote nuclear power, never once taking an environmental position on key nuclear votes.

Perhaps most crucial is the fact that *The New Republic* avoided the real choice: Carter and Reagan.

*Rafe Pomerance, president
Friends of the Earth
Washington, DC*

To the editors:

For 50 years I have depended on *The New Republic* to check my thinking, especially at election time, to see what considerations I might have missed. I consulted your issue of October 4 on Carter, toward whom I have been leaning, and I find it astonishingly inaccurate and inadequate. Inadequate to the point of irrelevance.

Take your treatment of the Carter record. You hurriedly start with seven Carter achievements bunched in the first paragraph. Then you start the indictments: Unemployment rate up from 4.8 percent to 7.4 percent. I looked for any recognition of the fact that employment has expanded. During Carter's four years there was an increase of four million people employed, the greatest increase in a similar period in American history.

You indict him for inflation. Nowhere do you mention the influence of OPEC oil prices on inflation, the effect of several years of bad weather on food prices, and the growing threat of 900 billion Eurodollars which have several times forced the Federal Reserve to increase interest rates in order to head off a run on the dollar which could have resulted in devaluation. You mention the Pay and Price Advisory Committee but fail to recognize its accomplishments; you mention Paul Volcker and the tight money policy that he sponsored. You do not indicate its good results in discouraging speculation in basic commodities. You do not mention the fact that OPEC has had the effect of stimulating inflation over the entire Western world and that Carter's programs, changeable as they were, worked

better than any other Western country's except Germany's.

In a long exposition you indict Carter for failing to deal with the energy crisis (though you mention his program with approval in your first paragraph). You acknowledge that Carter's program has had the effect of cutting oil imports from 7.3 million barrels a day to six million barrels a day, but you complain that the bill for imported oil has gone up. It would have gone up more without his program.

You dismiss the synfuels program in a very cavalier fashion, because it will take years to complete and "will cost far more than OPEC yet dreams of charging." This is a very irresponsible statement. Have you taken a serious look at the program? You say that Carter has "shied away from a stiff, rebated gasoline tax—the one government tool that would most dramatically reduce oil consumption." You have forgotten that he proposed a smaller tax to start the process and that consumers overwhelmed it in Congress. You are overlooking the great problem of convincing consumers that there is a world oil problem; Carter has worked at it and the consumers are finally coming around.

You indict him for failure to end the bureaucratic mess and waste. You fail to mention the reduction in government reports, the discernible move by the Office of Management and Budget to hold down expenditures. You say "there are more federal employees than ever" but you had better look up the figures. Last year there was a reduction.

You indict him for not pushing for a national, comprehensive, mandatory health insurance program. When you have already criticized him for inflation, don't you recognize your own inconsistency in arguing for a national health insurance program which would have added as much as 70 to 80 billion dollars to government expenditures in a few years? You dismiss attempts to make a start with less costly catastrophic insurance and a hospital cost containment bill.

This points up the irresponsibility of your criticism. We liberals have been pushing dozens of new programs, all of which have been costly and have added to government expenditures. Carter has recognized that we still have many more items on the agenda but that we first have to get our total spending back in line with income in order to cure inflation. He called that his Program for

New Foundations for Government. We liberals promptly shot it down.

You say that our European Allies "now hold Carter—and us—in something very close to contempt." You fail to mention that for the first time in many years they have agreed to increase their expenditures for NATO defense purposes and have agreed, haltingly, to station missiles on their soil which will counter the Russian missiles aimed at them. One of the immediate results was a request from the Russians to negotiate a limitation agreement.

You list more indictments; there are more answers. Indictments are misleading if they look at the complaint without dealing with the circumstances that give rise to it.

*Neil Staebler
Ann Arbor, Michigan*

To the editors:

It is hard to imagine a more persuasive or a more articulate statement of support than your declaration for John Anderson. It moved me from a posture of indecision, ambivalence, and cynicism to a firm commitment to vote for Anderson. Now I only hope that Anderson can be half as persuasive as your statement. He needs constant reminding that neither the TV studio, the rally podium, nor the Oval Office is a pulpit. Would that *TNR* could advise the candidate as wisely as it has the voter.

*Kenneth Winetrout
Hampden, Massachusetts*

To the editors:

"Choose if you can" between Humphrey and Nixon, you said in 1968. A good and honorable man was thereby narrowly defeated and Nixon gave us four more years of Vietnam, the utter ruin of Cambodia, Agnew, Burger, Rehnquist, Ford, and Watergate. In 1980, seeing Carter and Reagan as Tweedledum and Tweedledee, again you withdraw, like an Erewhonian to the Musical Banks, endorsing a third candidate who obviously will not win a single electoral vote. Apparently you feel, like Rauh and Schlesinger, that "endorsing Reagan would be unthinkable," but helping him would not.

With Carter and Reagan taking opposite stands on SALT II, ERA, a renewed arms race, abortion, and school prayer, the 1980 electorate has a definite choice. In all these vital issues Carter is on the right side. Also he will not appoint five

Phyllis Schlafly and Jesse Helmses to serve with Rhenquist on the Court until the year 2000. He may look like James Buchanan to you, but beside Reagan, Carter looks like George Washington to me. After 12 years it's time you acquired some political sophistication and got with it. As a 25-year subscriber, I feel betrayed.

David E. Johnson
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

To the editors:

Anderson can finish third in the popular vote and still become president. All he need do is garner enough electoral votes to prevent Carter or Reagan from obtaining a majority of them.

It would be obvious to all that the House of Representatives would inevitably choose Carter and the Senate, Mondale. A simple arrangement by Reagan and Anderson could lead to the following scenario:

All Reagan electors would cast their ballots for Anderson for president.

All Anderson electors would cast theirs for George Bush for vice president.

Anderson could subsequently award Patrick Lucey a Cabinet post in lieu of the vice presidency.

This denouement would fulfill the adage that "He who was last shall be first."

Gerald S. Glazer
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

To the editors:

Most Republicans will vote for Reagan because they like him or find him acceptable.

A large percentage of Democrats and independents are disgusted with Carter and with the Reagan-Carter choice; many will not vote at all if they perceive the choice to be Carter or Reagan. As a result, fine Democrats like senators Church, Bayh, Culver, McGovern, and Cranston, plus many candidates for the House, state legislatures, and local offices, face the specter of defeat.

If Anderson is perceived to have a chance of winning, he will attract a great many Democrats and independents to the polls. These will not be votes which would otherwise have gone to Carter; they will be salvaged from the graveyard of "no shows."

After voting for Anderson, most of these Democrats and independents will

remain to vote for lesser Democratic candidates, thus saving the Democratic party from disaster. It is especially critical for Democrats to maintain their numbers in the various legislatures and state houses since reapportionment will take place next year.

John Anderson can be the savior of the Democratic party.

Daniel N. Hoffman
Santa Clara, California

To the editors:

Your articles endorsing John Anderson for president were convincing, encouraging, and highly appreciated. Your words changed my mind. As a dissatisfied liberal fooled, or even more, *used* four years ago, I see no sense in allowing the ineptness to last another four years. Your handling of the articles, your presentation of the facts, and your honesty concerning John Anderson's chances allowed me a better perspective on this otherwise pitiful election. I am especially glad you admitted that, like Jimmy Carter in 1976, John Anderson's record clearly conflicts with his own written platform. However, as you noted, his positions are not a sudden grabbing at a group of voters left without a candidate, but a development of a political philosophy worked out in his career of service in Congress. The issue in this campaign is the lack of leadership created by an administration which is exceedingly PR conscious. This void cannot be filled by Ronald Reagan, whose misguided policy proposals mistake guns as strength. John Anderson has the honesty and vision I once felt President Carter had, and of the three candidates I am convinced the congressman is best fit to do this complicated job. For these reasons, I am reaffirming my faith in the beliefs for which our founding fathers and founding mothers fought, that our individual choices are significant and that we should not merely accept the existing political power. Our votes should be based on reason and promise.

John R. Hawkins
Athens, Georgia

To the editors:

I'm not one of your cancel-my-subscription nuts, but you guys give me a pain, endorsing Anderson. What's he been—a liberal the last two years? And how would he get along with Congress? It's

stuff like this that is going to give the contest to Reagan. Not that Jimmy Carter is my idol, but at least he's intelligent.

Honestly, I'm really thinking of moving to Canada if that bleached Hollywood cowboy gets elected.

Now here's a bunch of PhD intellectuals endorsing a guy who's been a liberal maybe two years. And I'm just a dumb high school dropout, blue-collar worker (maybe not so dumb; I live in Grosse Pointe). Sure I might give John a vote, but not at the expense of putting Reagan in.

I'm a real liberal, an ex-sit-down striker of the 1930s!

Al Perry
Grosse Pointe, Michigan

To the editors:

Your "Anderson for President" editorial says that "to vote for him [Carter] a second time is an act of political decadence." This makes no sense to me. Political decadence is not a liberal's second vote for Carter & Co., but a liberal's failure to try on election day to deny the White House to Reagan & Co. Decadence attacks Carter's fair-to-poor record while mischievously rationalizing the poor-to-lousy records of both Anderson and Reagan. Decadence takes shameless pride in having failed to "settle" for Hubert Humphrey in 1968. Decadence would rather risk four years under the worst choice than miss the opportunity to punish a better choice for having been less than the best. Certainly I wish Barry Commoner and Ed Clark both could have received more attention this year. I also wish Ted Kennedy had stayed out altogether so that some of the younger, more innovative, more electable liberals around the country could have come forward within the Democratic party. I even wish your John Anderson could have had a few more interesting ideas like the gas tax-and-rebate scheme. Instead, he has seemed intellectually paralyzed for weeks, perhaps unable to resolve an inner crisis of conscience between conservative faith and liberal vision. But on election day, such wishes don't count. One's vote counts. All things considered, this liberal plans to vote for Carter, as against his only electable opponent, Ronald Reagan. That is common sense. In politics, boys, real decadence is the denial of common sense.

Thomas B. Morgan
New York, New York

Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Kurosawa on War

Akira Kurosawa's genius has been manifold all through his long career. Prodiggally, prodigiously, he has moved with ease and mastery from the most mysteriously interior to the most spectacular. *Ikiru* is about a dusty civil servant in postwar Tokyo doomed by cancer; *The Seven Samurai*—one of the great art works of the 20th century—is a historical epic about honor as a predestined anachronism. Contrasts from his filmography could be multiplied.

The last decade has been bad for Kurosawa. In January 1972 *Newsweek* reported that he had attempted suicide. His latest work before that shocking news was *Dodeskaden*, a rather soft film about a modern slum boy; his next film was *Dersu Uzala*, a Russo-Japanese co-production which was like a 1930s Soviet paean to peasant simplicities. But now with *Kagemusha*, finished when he was 70, Kurosawa is back, really back: seizing us with his vision that seems to transform the screen before us into different shapes and depths and rivers of force, with stillness and with blaze. "Yes," I kept thinking as I watched, "yes. Yes." I don't know precisely what I meant, though I could speculate, but I kept thinking it.

Kagemusha, translated as *The Shadow Warrior*, is set in 16th-century Japan, like *The Seven Samurai*. It tells the story of a "double," a man who looks astonishingly like a reigning war lord and is constrained to appear in public as that lord, as a decoy and safety measure. The true leader is killed, and the double, a criminal whose life has been spared on condition that he take over this role, must carry it on, at the insistence of the dead man's brother and colleagues: to deceive two other war lords with whom they are battling. The deception fools virtually everyone but not the dead man's horse. The horse throws the

impostor, and when he is treated, it's discovered that his body doesn't have the scars of the true war lord. He's no longer useful, and he's kicked out. The lord's son then makes a foolish military decision, and the impostor, now in rags, unnecessarily insists on joining the battle and is killed in the defeat.

Kagemusha is not at the level of *The Seven Samurai*: it lacks the intricacy and interplay of characterization, the majesty of contrapuntal themes in that earlier masterpiece. (At the end of *Kagemusha* there's a faint suggestion, too, of Rossellini's *General della Rovere*, but again the script lacks the depth of that fine film.) But what Kurosawa has done in his new work, extraordinary in anyone but stupendous in a man of 70, is to center his film in immense military action: to make that action the sea on which individual lives sail, to make the rush and clash of masses of men, on foot or on horses, the ground of the whole 160-minute work. In the battle sequences one inevitably thinks of Eisenstein's *Alexander Nevsky*, but Kurosawa's battles are his material throughout, not his climax only. Some of the lines of distant panoply recall Jancsó's *The Red and the White*, but Jancsó uses battle beautifully as philosophic-political instrument. Kurosawa uses battle as battle, uses men's hopes and trickeries and braveries as the root and fruit of battle. These men live for war and take their beings, as well as their deaths, from it.

The very first sequence, before the credits, deliberately does not prepare us for the tonality of what follows. With the camera at the Japanese *tatami* level, we see three men seated on the floor: the war lord on a low dais, his brother to his right, his double—just now brought before him—nearer us on his left. (Both the lord and the double are

played by Tatsuya Nakadai, who was the handsome young man with the pistol in *Yojimbo*. His performances here, very vivid, seem modeled on what Toshiro Mifune might have done in the roles.) The discovery of the double is explained to the lord by his brother, and the lord agrees to his use. The scene runs surely over two minutes, a very long time, and it's done without a camera movement, without a cut. Three figures in a history are introduced as in a frieze. Then, after the titles, the action floods, figuratively flowing around the islands of quiet scenes that occur thereafter.

Part of the impact of *Kagemusha*, battles included, comes from the cinematographer, Takao Saito, who, with his operator Asakazu Nakai, has worked for Kurosawa over 25 years. The color scheme is enriched, heightened, to keep the film out of realism and in "ballad," though much of the specific action is graphic. But, of course, most of the impact comes from Kurosawa's imperial grip, particularly from his complementary deployment of two fields of motion: that of the camera and that of his actors. This does something that only film can achieve—a ballet in which the spectator, through the moving camera, himself participates. Kurosawa has long been celebrated for his tracking shots. Examples: the woodcutter striding into the forest in *Rashomon*; the opening ride of "Macbeth" and "Banquo" in *Throne of Blood*. In *Kagemusha* there are

Films Worth Seeing

Airplane! It starts being funny with that exclamation point, and it rarely lets up.

The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith. An Australian half-caste, c. 1900, is driven by injustice to murder. Less than the tragedy it wants to be, but rich and wonderfully acted.

Divine Madness. A filmed Bette Midler performance. I can't believe I'm really recommending it—it's got so much in it that's stupid or merely dirty—but she has strong talent, and a lot of the time she's smart.

The Great Santini. Mixed in this patchwork picture are some excellent scenes of family life, particularly father-son tussles. Good actors.

SK

many, many tracking shots of furiously galloping riders, most of them bearing banners fixed to their backs, the flags fluttering above their heads. The sweep of these shots is marvelous, especially as Kurosawa sometimes blends one into another going a different way.

Often the motion is made by the men only, with the camera still, with the men hurled across our vision in strong, startling, but non-eccentric patterns. Soldiers will pour down from (say) the upper right corner of the screen diagonally while another stream moves from the middle of the lefthand edge and bends away as it meets them. Battles are battles, not flubberings of extras, because of the director's eye for the *rhythms in realism* and because of the way he lights the encounters. In one attack an army is surprised in a defile, dark, while the attackers are in profile on a ridge against the sky. Occasionally the pulse of motion is carried by one man alone among many still ones: early in the film a messenger runs frantically through an encamped army, through loafing and sleeping soldiers, bearing a message to the lord. As he plunges ahead, the men he passes come awake or start up, and in this simple strophe—his feet pounding past the resting or sleeping men—is a whole conviction of being in an army in a war, with the lulls and starts of service. (It's helped by the sound track, which is always incisive.)

Sometimes a touch of prettiness seeps in: for instance, a file of soldiers moving past a setting sun or a dream in which the dead lord comes back to haunt the sleeping impostor—rather too aestheticised a dream for that impostor to be having. But mostly the film strikes and strikes again with grand compositions, grand gestures: the stoicism of the loyal as certain death approaches; the vistas that turn the engagements of armies rolling away over hills into terrible excitement; the frozen gestures of the corpses. In the very last sequence, we see the slow-motion death agonies of fallen horses, and though they don't scream, we hear them.

If *Kagemusha* is not nearly Kurosawa's fullest picture in human and spiritual compass, it is up to his height in cinematic purity. The thrust of the film is not to eulogize war but to see it: an event that men *want*, whatever they may say, in which their totalities are engaged as in very little else that is possible on earth; a universal continuum, still flourishing. To understand what men have been and done, Kurosawa says—to understand, paradoxically, some of the noblest and most beautiful of what they have done—we must look at war. By the might of his vision, by his imaginings of motion, he has rendered war as a great subject, the ancient traffic of nations and of men. In this sense, *Kagemusha* is Homeric.

The shock of recognition.

A Fiesta for the Form

by William H. Gass

When I was a child (in the decade, indeed, during which I remained 10) I was frequently forced to entertain a malicious little boy two years beneath my notice. He was loud, rude, undisciplined, and entirely too intelligent for his parents, whom he ruled with incontinence and screaming. I remember the time when, at dinner, he spat in the mashed potatoes, and how my father sat in silent smiling fury through the whole affair, since it was the little snot's

William H. Gass is the author of The World Within the Word (Godine) and teaches philosophy at Washington University.

house we were visiting, and it was the little snot's mum who had mashed the spuds he'd spat in, and it was their gold-rimmed dish that continued, untaken, around the table. One afternoon, both his parents having to sing in the matinee of something by Gilbert and Sullivan, the Kaiserling, as my father called him, was fobbed off on me. We were playing with trucks and trains in the living room, just at the feet of my father, who was trying to read and at the same time obliterate our presence by opening the evening paper widely across his face, thus disappearing behind its sheets. Suddenly (on what provocation I can-

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not recall, if there was one) the Kaiserling hurled a cast-iron dump-truck through the headlines, piercing them the way a trained tiger leaps through a circle of paper flames, and raising a red welt the precise size of the barrow on my father's brow, before the entire toy fell against the base of a floor lamp with what seemed to me a terrible crash.

My father rose groggily with the Kaiserling's collar in his fist, for he knew without need of knowing who had so directly expressed himself, and his reflexes in those days were still those of the athlete he had been. He swung the brat back and forth by his shirt until, alas, the shirt tore—creating, of course, *evidence*. It was one of those eminently satisfactory incidents which now and then, and always without warning, grace one's life; for I should have dearly loved to have thrown the truck myself; and the breaching of that wall of indifferent dislike was more than appropriate, as was the thwack of the truck on my father's forehead, a thump so long deserved, I thought . . . by fate so long postponed. The come-uppance of the kid, who was no longer sure, as he dangled, of his immunity; the frustration of my father, who could not commit the crime the occasion called for; the quarreling among mothers, fathers, husbands, wives, and friends, which was soon to come: all were causes of the deepest pleasure for me like a fizz of fine grape soda through the upper nose.

And I am reminded now, perhaps in a manner not unlike the elaborate, large, and densely populated metaphors of our latest Spanish-speaking novelists, of the appearance in our provincial northern world of other singular movers of earth, of tough heavy untykelike toys, missiles hurled at the brow of a petty almighty. When I consider the image, rather as if Father Freud had designed it, I see how my own point of view shifts, and how I am in all roles like a raisin; for I have scarcely wheeled a sheet of paper through my IBM and begun some decorous composition when *The Autumn of the Patriarch* bursts through the page, shattering a delicate tea-fumed sentence like a china cup. This is another kind of news, and I am dazed. Or I am sitting quietly in my study, perhaps, considering a bit of brittle characterization (a photographer's assistant, I think, with hair like the camera's hood), when I see *The Obscene Bird of Night* perched above my chamber door, or when—

caramba, as we used to exclaim as kids (*donnerwetter* and *caramba*, we cried before we learned to roll our Rs and growl, *merrrrrde*)—so, *caramba*, then, and *Conversation in the Cathedral* crashes through the pane of my plans like a rioter's brick. They come from everywhere, these massive, burning books; new masterpieces hatch like chicks and reach maturity in a matter of weeks. No use to shake the terrible volume till the jacket tears (whichever one it is), not a word will fall out (and I have given *Three Trapped Tigers* a good shaking, I can tell you), although almost daily I receive the

galleys of my compatriots from which words, pre-sugared and sufficient for every minimal daily requirement, spill like Cheerios from their cereal box. Perhaps when the books are bound and cleverly promo'd, with testimonials from the *New York Times* on their flaps and backs, the words stay put. I haven't looked.

It was not long ago that literature, at least the novel, seemed safely in gringo hands; we could look down along the slope of the world with the arrogance of the higher climber at the silly specks below: those clumsy countries not even

Recent Latin American Novels

Julio Cortázar, **Hopscotch**

translated by Gregory Rabassa

(Pantheon, 1966; New American Library, 1971, paper)

José Donoso, **The Obscene Bird of Night**

translated by Hardie St. Martin and Leonard Mades

(Knopf, 1973; Godine, 1979, paper)

Carlos Fuentes, **Terra Nostra**

translated by Margaret Sayers Peden

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1976; 1977, paper)

Juan Goytisolo, **Marks of Identity**

translated by Gregory Rabassa

(Grove Press, 1969)

Count Julian

translated by Helen R. Lane

(Viking, 1974)

Juan the Landless

translated by Helen R. Lane

(Viking, 1977)

G. Cabrera Infante, **Three Trapped Tigers**

translated by Donald Gardner and Suzanne Jill Levine

(Harper & Row, 1971)

José Lezama Lima, **Paradiso**

translated by Gregory Rabassa

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1974)

Mario Vargas Llosa, **The Green House**

translated by Gregory Rabassa

(Harper & Row, 1969)

Conversation in the Cathedral

translated by Gregory Rabassa

(Harper & Row, 1975)

Gabriel García Márquez, **One Hundred Years of Solitude**

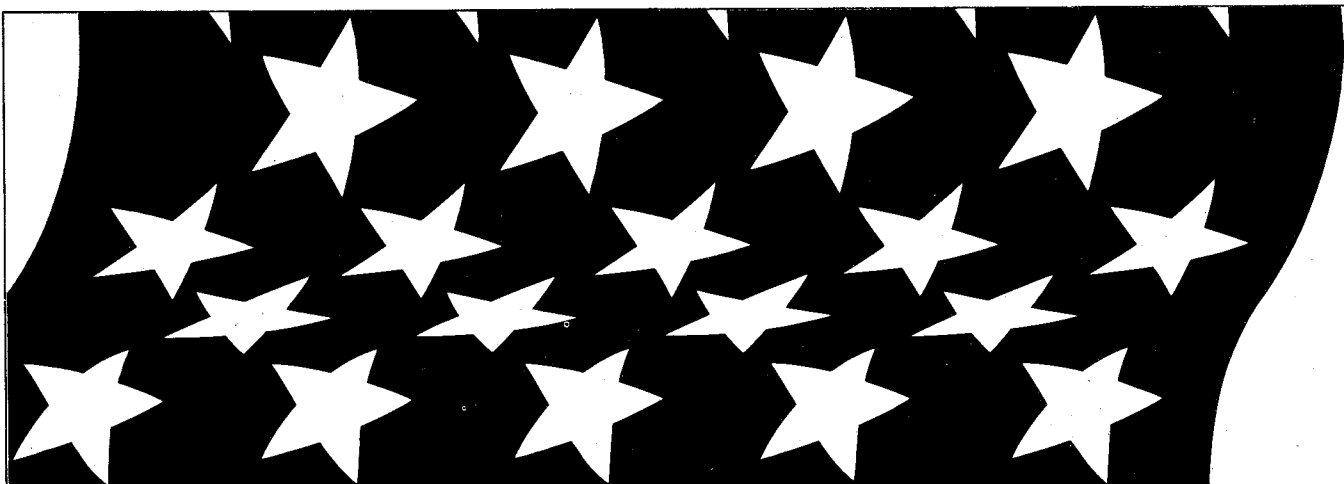
translated by Gregory Rabassa

(Harper & Row, 1970; Avon, 1971, paper)

The Autumn of the Patriarch

translated by Gregory Rabassa

(Harper & Row, 1976)



Canadians	Czechs	Manx	Afro-Americans	East Indians	Norwegians
Afghans	Danes	Mexicans	Albanians	English	Pacific Islanders
Africans	Dominicans	Mormons	Aleuts	Eskimos	Pakistanis
Afro-	Dutch	North	Alsations	Estonians	Pennsylvanians
Americans	East Indians	Caucasians	American	Filipinos	Germans
Albanians	English	Norwegians	Indians	Finns	Poles
Aleuts	Eskimos	Pacific	Amish	French	Portuguese
Alsations	Estonians	Islanders	Appalachians	French	Puerto Ricans
American	Filipinos	Pakistanis	Arabs	Canadians	Romanians
Indians	Finns	Pennsylvania	Armenians	Frisians	Russians
Amish	French	Germans	Assyrians	Georgians	Scotch-Irish
Appalachians	French	Poles	Australians &	Germans	Scots
Arabs	Canadians	Portuguese	New Zealanders	Germans from	Serbs
Armenians	Frisians	Puerto Ricans	Austrians	Russia	Slovaks
Assyrians	Georgians	Romanians	Azerbaijanis	Greeks	Slovenes
Australians &	Germans	Russians	Bangladeshi	Gypsies	South Africans
New Zealanders	Germans from	Scotch-Irish	Basques	Haitians	Southerners
Austrians	Russia	Scots	Belgians	Hawaiians	Spaniards
Azerbaijanis	Greeks	Serbs	Belorussians	Hungarians	Spanish
Bangladeshi	Gypsies	Slovaks	Bosnian	Hutterites	Swedes
Basques	Haitians	Slovenes	Muslims	Icelanders	Swiss
Belgians	Hawaiians	South Africans	Bulgarians	Indochinese	Tatars
Belorussians	Hungarians	Southerners	Burmese	Indonesians	Thai
Belgian	Hutterites	Spaniards	Canadians,	Iranians	Turkestanis
British	Icelanders	Spanish	British	Irish	Turks
Cape Verdeans	Indochinese	Swedes	Cape Verdeans	Italians	Turkmen
Carpatho-	Indonesians	Tatars	Rusyns	Japanese	Ukrainians
Rusyns	Iranians	Thai	Central &	Jews	Welsh
South Americans	Irish	Turkestanis	South Americans	Kalmyks	Wends
Chinese	Italians	Turks	Chinese	Koreans	West Indians
Copts	Japanese	Turkmen	Cornish	Kurds	Yankees
Cossacks	Jews	Ukrainians	Cossacks	Latvians	Zoroastrians
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State and Zip _____

the Balkans would have borrowed for their operettas. Let them have their Hemingway as he had their bulls; let them follow Faulkner if they liked. The wiser among us would do neither. Besides, Spanish was the language of etiquette and euphemism, and to follow Faulkner through his narrative loops and ellipses merely by inverting his question marks; to sing the heart dark, as he had, in a sweetly melodious and lisping Latin, was to leave the soft nest of your lady's lap to yap after the hounds . . . foolish, hopeless, absurd.

All the same, prose went secretly south. Prose, the cold northern art, began to journey like the Germans to Venice, or wash up, like blond Scandinavian girls are supposed to, on the shores of the Aegean; even Spain had its Mexico just across the straits, as France its several Egypts. It proved always possible to go south, to Tangier, into some interior, up a Conradian river as we once went west; but how different those old expeditions were, because our wagons, our wants, our humble household wealth, our hardy women, always went *out* in that west they went to; it was seen as a place to replace life, to alter both circumstance and nature, to begin anew; whereas to go south was to go dangerously downhill, as Malcolm Lowry's metaphors persistently suggest. We went there only for a visit, for we knew that, if we ventured far enough, down south became deep.

With the way west blocked by the Pacific, it was still possible for us (it proved necessary for us) (it was our fate) to turn left and make the descent. If Africa went endlessly *in*, Central America went endlessly *down* like some twisted pipe driven angrily into the continent below, or conversely like some whirlwind rising from a lower land to suck the heavens in. First there were the deserts, and then the jungles began: the heat, the snakes, the carnivorous fish, the orchids, the butterflies, the blowgun's bite. There was fecundity, and the fear of what that implied; there was raw life like a split-open fruit, the sweet taste of death in a soft chocolate skull. Space slowly became time, and around that different clock customs collided like car and cycle in a traffic circle. As though they were Semites, each tick fought its following tock.

One found oneself in noisy fumeous bazaars, beggar-crowded, dream-strewn streets, such as those we've been transported through in Juan Goytisolo's unequaled imagery; or, going south, where

AN OLD SPORTSWRITER CELEBRATES HIS FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF COVERING THE YALE-DARTMOUTH GAME

One thousand and one hundred starting lineups of boys run out onto some field that is as green as it ever was and windy and the crowd as drunk and happy and irreverent and the bulldog has been fed right before the game exactly thirty-one times so that it will squat and dolefully defecate between the ten and forty yard line by the running track that surrounds the gridiron like a moat and all those styles of uniform and youth mingled in a huddle of time telescoped remembered on this anniversary date by an old man who's afflicted by angina and a certain bewilderment here in front of his typewriter commissioned to retell that old story: still once again of old Eli and the Indian and how it is always new and of the stuff of myth and still undecided even after the awful hour is past and already boys in locker rooms are waiting to crowd those sweating fathers out forever while the band plays and pennants flap.

Jack Matthews

cultures, like transvestites, swap one another's clothes and clichés, we might stroll in ancient worlds one hour and hurtle down new-laid highways the next, through cities that are like a great stage, everything not alive the same pale age; or yet encounter pagan Christs and Negroid Marys; hobnob with savage Christians, crosses of dried bones tied about their waists; to shout, hold it! and shoot seven contradictions in one snap like a shark; or vomit from a bus and buy (what luck!) the sort of shrunk-en head with which Virginia Woolf so dramatically began *Orlando*; yes, going south we could find the whole cheap crazy gimcracky paraphernalia of our advertised life transformed: Andy Warhol, Coca-Cola, rock and religion, blue jeans, movies, comic books, and cars, mingling madly like auto horns and strummed guitars with the crude clay pots and garish colors of the Indians; down there where everyone wears sarapes, and too many rings, and writes upon the dry adobe walls with penis piss, and feathers metal roosters with wings of hammered tin, and fights cocks, foments revolution, cooks and eats corn and chick peas exclusively, with calamitous effects, including black teeth; where all ambition has melted in the heat, and sleep is sought under any shade—tables, trees, and hats, clouds, skirts—and waking is slow and deliberate, the way a bandito shakes the scor-

pion from his summer sandals before going forth in bandoliers like trouser braces to grin a toothy untrustworthy grin at the plaintive tourists or brisk corporation agents he's about to rob—the ungrateful wretch; in countries where poverty is an art, and wealth (whoopee! as we exclaimed when we were kids, *olé* and whoopee), wealth is what of that world *we* own; and isn't that the detritous of Disney out there washing about like swill against rotting jungle river wharfs? civilizing, although slowly, these lands of magic and mystery and brutality and decay, even of "coffee and oranges in a sunny chair, and the green freedom of the cockatoo"; down south where we might sample exotic alcohols and pleasure-promising drugs, and then return home with an altered consciousness like a duty-free souvenir, our sensuality aroused like the princess from her woodsy sleep, our sex upset like Gide's; going down—with all its sexual suggestion—to fall at the feet of the world, eventually to reach the floor of Dante's hell, the heartless antarctic ice, the cold still lifeless eye of the inferno which, while falling, we took photos of.

I have just recited a list of myths, of course, made by movies mostly (that light of darkness in a palace of liars), yet it is a list containing real fears, a few flat-out truths, some honest hope . . . dreams of a place where prose might

loosen its pants; and now, indeed, it has sprung up at us; it has come back to us in a series of powerful orgasmic bursts. Having tarried in Paris, perhaps, like Odysseus with Calypso, it has returned to the new world, having circled the old, in the guise of symbol and allegory, transmogrified history, felt fact and passionate observation, colorful tapestry, subtle arrangement and thunderous rhetoric, or more purely and completely, to calculate the sum, as exuberant, exact, and angry poetry. It is a literature of exile, as often happens, but an exile forced, not chosen, as ours were chosen for a time. Americans often attended Europe as they would a college. Their leave-taking was not a bloody severance, like a lost limb. Yet paradoxically, it was as though the language had to be roughly sent away like an intractable child to grow great, for nothing could be more dialectical than the way the Spanish-speaking people have objectified themselves and their carefully duenna'd inner life by driving out their artists. What petty bourgeois princelings and corporate connivance could not anticipate was the overall effect of this distance, this view of the homeland, in effect, across some strait; and that language which ancient religious certainties and royalist pretensions had made stilted and stuffy, which foreign interference had abused, internal tyranny had stilled, and death had chosen, has wonderfully revived; because there is a substantial body of novels now which constitute what I want to call, in grateful celebration, the miracle of the risen word.

Perhaps we readers who are writers in the United States today are feeling a little of what the British novelists felt when (through the mediation of devoted translators, too) the Russian novel appeared in all its misshapen majesty, and Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, and Turgenev swept by Scott and Thackeray and Trollope like a swift train through a vacant station.

They were long, those damn books; they were full of strange unpronounceable names: loving names, childhood names, nicknames, patronyms; there were kinship relations which one can imagine disconcerting Lévi-Strauss; there was a considerable fuss made concerning the life, sorrows, and status of the peasants, the *oblige* of the *noblesse*; and about God, truth, and the meaning of life there was even more; moods came and went like clouds, and characters went mad with dismal regularity.

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O, they were long, those damn books. And they were extravagantly admired for their worst, or most irrelevant, qualities. Must we do that again?

The admiration of the literate public for *One Hundred Years of Solitude* doesn't count either (*¡hélas!* as we cried when we were kids and the rain kept us in, *ahimé* and *hélas*). It doesn't count, not because *One Hundred Years of Solitude* isn't a literally dazzling book, so that the eye blinks repeatedly as you read; but because it permits, perhaps even encourages, a nostalgia for the old forms and functions of the novel; consequently, it is loved for its brightly colored characters, its fascinating story-telling, its exotic setting like *Nostromo's*, its controlled release of the reader from realism, its Mary Poppins magic. It has slid backward in time to become one of the books we loved when we were kids. *The Autumn of the Patriarch* does not encourage that kind of pleasant regression; it has less philistine appeal; its hate is a hot iron; its language like a noose about the throat.

Are these, then, the true Friends of the Forms of Fiction, who just adore *One Hundred Years*, as it is familiarly called, but who find *Hopscotch* just another fancy contrivance; who are baffled and finally worn out (as who, reasonably, might not be; as who, emotionally, must not) by the proliferating prose of Lezama Lima's *Paradiso*; who are bewildered by the multiplicity of techniques employed in these novels, their metalurgical fusing of history and fiction, fact and superstition, which produces a far sturdier alloy than the merely wet mix of journalism and melodrama we opportunely use in this country to disguise a lack of artistic intent and want of talent? Gosh! (as we used to exclaim in a less forthright age, gosh and by golly) what are we to make of those who refuse to lose themselves in Vargas Llosa's artful mazes and many minds; who falter in front of the plastic-

ity of place, the penetration of times by times, as they occur in these books, occluding and combining the way color enters color; who reject the interplay of tapestry and torrent, as if music were carving stone like blown sea-waves, of moonshade in daylight, reality rendered as dream, dream delivered up on the beach like a half-drowned refugee? phenomena which are fundamental (as are all these elements and others) to Carlos Fuentes's *Terra Nostra*, a towering achievement few Americans, I fear, will ever climb to the top of.

For these are the fathers who are hiding behind their daily papers, to alter the sense of the image again; and who bitterly complain, when struck at all, of pointless complexity, needless difficulties, abnormal artifice, of cold contrivance in the execution of the blow (all qualities life can be accused of having, but never fairly these fictions); but, they say, the novel is worn out anyhow (though, of course, there is *One Hundred Years*; however, look at *Letters*, John Barth's broken time-machine, or at William Gaddis's *JR*, as disagreeably oral as *Three Trapped Tigers*, both as discolored and distempered as a spew of chewing tobacco); there is no optimism in them; no uplift; just genius; and isn't Goytisoló as bitter as Céline? which isn't nice; Lima as luxuriantly self-indulgent as the jungle? Cortázar as cute and annihilationistic as Sterne? Why do they so stubbornly seek for alternatives to the world?

But our Spanish-speaking, novel-writing friends have demonstrated that although some readers may be weary and fast weakening, they are not, nor is their art. So far, now, from being played out, if we look about the world at the company the novel keeps, we find in progress a fiesta for the form; whether we read Handke, Bernhard, Gadda, or Calvino; whether we stand before the Goytisoló triptych as before a glorious Bosch; whether the work is in Polish, German, or Japanese; concerns itself with Peru or making money or tide-water Maryland, USA; for language, the instrument of the *logos*, the soul itself, is everywhere alive and kicking; creating a world which, for all I know, may be real; for all I care, may be purely imaginary; and the writers who serve this art share, I think, at least this belief, and are prepared to honor the commandment which *Terra Nostra's* El Señor so urgently utters: "take paper, pen, and ink; listen to my story . . . write: nothing truly exists if it not be con-

signed to paper." And when Cabrera Infante conceives a rumba dancer in the middle of a sensual gesture:

. . . as the music stopped every time he switched off the jukebox, the dancer remained in the air and made a couple of long delicate steps, her whole body trembling, and she stretched out a leg sepia one moment, then earth-brown, then chocolate, tobacco, sugar-coated, black, cinnamon now, now coffee, now white coffee, now honey, glittering with sweat, slick and taut through dancing, now in that moment letting her skirt ride up over her round polished sepia cinnamon tobacco/coffee and honey-colored knee, over her long, broad, full, elastic perfect thighs. . . .

we easily understand how any man might love such a limb and long to sip that creamy coffee with his lips; but, even more completely, how the writer loves the language which gives that leg its life; since this sentence, or any one well wrought, is not simply a significant series of signs, but a judgment, a stone in a wall, a brick in a paragraph, a house, or a palace like the Escorial which figures so importantly in *Terra Nostra*; and the consciousness it contains visibly distends it the way a serpent who has just swallowed its supper is swollen; both the rodent in the stomach and the snake are real, as is its slick skin, its cautious cressential slither, its warning hiss, the sun it sleeps in, the warm rock and sandy ground around, the slowly liquifying flesh of the rat.

Going south. After all, reading these works is a lot like that. Going south. The excitement I feel when I enter the world of an author I have never read before, and I realize, from the opening lines of *The Green House*, for instance, which launch me up a steaming river in the company of some soldiers, several nuns, and a thin shadow of gnats, that I am in godlike hands; and that these people are being well served—saved—even if they are damned; well, my excitement is not unlike that produced in people by a dancer's shapely limbs; because a good reader is not merely being informed that parrots give you diarrhea (as the book soon does) (and something good to know if you contemplate eating one), because this "fact" is a piece of poetry, and then I hear the words the parrots use to fly from the village; so that this reader, who is also a writer, can consequently take heart for his own weak art: it is worth it; Fuentes's remote black beach, the hawk whose claws cuff the wrist—they are worth it; the construction of the Escor-

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ial—again, syllable by syllable—is worth it; the pain, the worry, the discouragement, well spent; it can be done; it is being done; do it; and you are ready to proceed once more; to chew up and swallow another page, as if it held secrets; to swallow your shame, the sentences you've slain and left to rot; you are ready to get on with it; become drunk again on the glories of creation, on the long low sounds which omnipotence makes in its sooty vertiginous throat as a way is cleared to let the word "light" burst out.

Well, here's to happy days, as we once said, tossing back our bourbon in the years before Beckett's unhappy play (well, bottoms up and happy days);

which was how I felt, myself, when my father put the Kaiserling down because his collar was tearing and evidence was accumulating. The little shit stared at me in wonder then, in amazement, for he'd seen me throw the truck myself after taking careful aim; so that the comeuppance of the kid, the justified trick I'd played, I thought, the bump on my father's brow, so perfectly deserved, so long delayed, and the Kaiserling's attempt to shift the blame to me, which I knew would be bootless, and surely still to come like the main feature: all were causes of the deepest pleasure to me like the slow melt of one of those waxy chocolate skulls in my smiling mouth.

Social Justice in the Liberal State

by Bruce A. Ackerman

(Yale University Press; \$17.50)

We can now make out the broad outlines of what can properly be called a new political philosophy. John Rawls's *Theory of Justice* has opened the way, not only for a host of commentaries, journal articles, PhD dissertations, and so on, but also for a series of rival performances. But the rivalry takes place within a general structure of agreement; the rivals constitute a school. The work of the school is determined, above all, by the distance its members have established between themselves and every sort of *declaratory* politics, where principles are derived from the word of God or natural law or self-evident truth, and also between themselves and every sort of *sociological* politics, where principles are derived from conventional practices, collective or aggregated demands, theories of historical development. These philosophers aim instead at generating principles out of a process of human choice—but not, in any sense, a social process involving real men and women, who are all too likely to make the wrong choices. Theirs is a *hypothetical* or *ideal* politics, where conclusions follow from the conversations, negotiations, or decisions of rational individuals in a specially constructed environment.

Hence the aim of each member of the new school is to design an ideal proce-

dure such that rational individuals, following its rules, will necessarily agree upon a set of substantive principles, a coherent picture of the good society. Such an agreement, though it is only hypothetical, will nevertheless be authoritative for all actual men and women who claim to be rational individuals. The procedural design, then, is crucial. To search for the right design is to search, as Bruce Ackerman says at the beginning of this book, for the philosopher's stone.

Ackerman doesn't quite say that he has found the philosopher's stone, but he clearly believes that he has found it—as anyone must, I suppose, who hopes to persuade us of the authority of his conclusions. Ackerman calls his procedure "constrained conversation," and he contrasts it with and finds it preferable to Rawls's ideal contractualism. He invites us to imagine a world where every power advantage must be justified in conversation and where—this, of course, is crucial—certain things can never be said. The most important constraint is twofold in character. No participant in these conversations can offer as a reason for the advantage he seeks (1) that his conception of the good is better than anyone else's, or (2) that he is intrinsically superior to any of his fellow conversationalists. This, Ackerman

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man says, is "neutrality," but it also sounds to me like equality, and it is hardly surprising that the conclusions that follow from conversations constrained in this way are broadly egalitarian.

"I'm as good as you are" turns out to be the conversational stopper, barring a great many of the advantages that wealthy or powerful men and women currently enjoy. It's an old argument—"When Adam dived and Eve span/Who was then the gentleman?"—and even before I read *Social Justice in the Liberal State*, I was persuaded of its general truth. It is not, of course, true for any particular object: I'm not as good as you are at playing the piano, running the marathon, solving quadratic equations. But I am allowed to think that there is some object for which the sentence holds, and even if there isn't, I'm still as good as you are because I am (like you) a moral agent, capable of making choices, assuming responsibilities, aiming at goals. Hence I am entitled, in the currently favored phrase, to equal consideration and respect. In Ackerman's terms, no inequality is legitimate for which I can't be given a reason. And all reasons are subject to the egalitarian constraint: no one can claim a power advantage in the pursuit of the goals he values who doesn't acknowledge the equal right of all other men and women to pursue the goals they value. The root idea is probably widely accepted today. It only remains to work out the details, that is, to take the idea seriously.

This Ackerman does, and with considerable verve and skill. He has a gift for simple exposition. He writes like a good talker, ready to use his hands but never in need of a blackboard or a calculator. He develops his argument with a minimal technical apparatus. Indeed, I suspect that the technical apparatus is inadequate to the (large) claims of the book and that even conversations subject to his constraints are likely to go on longer than he admits and to produce greater indecision than he allows. His arguments are nevertheless illuminating across a range of issues. And the range is wide. Ackerman is especially good on intergenerational issues, which are not often addressed by political

philosophers. What limits should we place on genetic manipulation? How many children should we have? How should we regulate abortions and adoptions? What rights does the community have, what rights do parents have in the education of children? What rights do children have? What resources must we leave to future generations? To see all these as questions of distributive justice is to connect them in a new way, and that is perhaps the most valuable part of this book.

Ackerman's arguments are cast as conversations among a group of settlers planning a new society. Presiding over these conversations is a Commander, or absolute arbitrator, who enforces the constraints but never makes a substantive point of her own (Ackerman presents his egalitarian credentials early on by using feminine pronouns to refer to the hypothetical Commander). The conversation begins with an argument about the initial distribution of a single resource, taken to represent all resources, and called manna. Except for the fact that you can eat it, manna is disconcertingly like money. After different people have tried and failed to defend their claims to be allowed more manna than anyone else, the members agree on equal shares. Then the conversation moves on to the question of how membership in the new society is to be distributed (another question commonly neglected by political philosophers), and then to future memberships, birthrights, education, resources over time, exchange rights, and so on. The steady drift of the argument is toward a liberal egalitarianism—liberal because of the conversations, in which particular individuals speak freely and make their claims; egalitarian because of the constraints, which bind each individual to acknowledge the claims of the others.

All these conversations, however, are conducted under ideal conditions. The Commander is perfectly fair; the members are assisted in their deliberations by a set of omniscient advisers; there are no transaction costs, no implementation costs, and so on. It is not necessarily the case that it is easy to reach agreement under such conditions, but it is certainly easier than under any other conditions, and at a certain point in his book, Ackerman bravely shifts the argument into the world of "the second-best" where people situated like you and me must make political choices. He insists that the choices we make through democratic debate must be

restricted, though not determined in detail, by the choices made through constrained conversation. That is not an unattractive idea. We arrive at general principles through ideal talk and then let those principles guide the real talk through which we arrive at practical policies. But more needs to be said about the nature and authority of ideal talk.

It is not at all clear that the give and take of conversation is really crucial to the substance of Ackerman's conclusions. All the words in all the conversations, after all, are Ackerman's words. The philosopher impersonates all the characters, and his conclusions would be no different if he gave up the impersonation and offered us instead a series of deductions from the ideal of constrained conversation. A philosophical argument is a philosophical argument. It is initially made, and it presumably can be recapitulated, by a single person who imagines the others and gives them whatever rhetorical presence the argument or the presentation of the argument requires. But the others have no independent presence. It is in the nature of an ideal conversation (and of any other ideal decision procedure) that no one else is really there. The philosopher is alone.

But why should the argument of a solitary philosopher exercise any restraint at all on the course of a democratic debate? Well, if it is a good argument, the citizens ought (in some sense, though not in the strongest sense, of that word) to be persuaded by it. Its authority derives from its persuasiveness, that is, its actual persuasiveness when it is in competition with other ideas presented by other people who are really there, defending their own positions. Ackerman, however, wants to say more than this. He wants to say here that there are some decisions that the citizens cannot legitimately make, that are ruled out by his theory. Why else have a theory? And so he is led, as other philosophers have been led before him, to search for a political arrangement that will bar illegitimate outcomes.

Every work of political philosophy carries, though not always on its front cover, an address. It is written, of course, for anyone who wants to read it, but its author is also likely to have a more particular audience in mind. Most often, the particular audience is the prince. The philosopher hopes, like Thomas Hobbes, that "this writing of mine may fall into the hands of a sov-

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ereign who will . . . by the exercise of entire sovereignty . . . convert this truth of speculation into the utility of practice." Ackerman can't hope for anything like that, for his argument leads him, under second-best conditions, to favor majority rule. So he must aim his book at the mass of the citizens.

But his argument also leads him to seek certain sorts of control over what the majority can do. Nor are these only "process controls." It is not the case that the citizens can do anything so long as they give to each individual the equal right to make his case, to argue, agitate, organize (and go on arguing, agitating, organizing). It is also necessary to have "output controls." Ackerman is understandably cautious about saying just what these controls would look like. They would have to be fairly extensive, it seems to me, if they are intended to establish and then to maintain against the steady pressure of democratic politics the most basic conclusions of his philosophical argument (which might be deduced from his twofold constraints). Certain issues, he says, are "off limits as appropriate subjects of compromise." Certain power arrangements "cannot be tolerated." Certain budgetary proposals must be "put to one side as *prima facie* inadmissible." Certain outcomes are "plainly forbidden." Who is to do all this limiting, not tolerating, putting to one side, and forbidding? The only available officials on the contemporary scene are judges. So this book isn't addressed only to you and me, citizens of a democratic state. It is written also for the courts, above all for the Supreme Court, whose members are invited to "police the dialogue." They are as near as we can come in real life to the hypothetical Commander with whom Ackerman began.

It is only fair to add that Ackerman is almost as uneasy with this argument as I am. Judges, after all, can claim no special insight into the nature of the good and no personal superiority. Nevertheless, the aggrandizement of judges is one of the features of the new political philosophy—which may help explain why that philosophy has been received more enthusiastically in law schools than in departments of political science (Ackerman is a law professor). The issue is of great importance because most philosophers these days are so strongly committed to an interventionist politics. Ackerman simply assumes that every power advantage is political in character and hence requires justifi-

cation in the political arena—that means in front of the Commander. Any advantage that can't be justified requires immediate remedy (under ideal conditions) and remedy as soon as possible, given everything else that has to be done (under second-best conditions). All remedies come from the state, determined by majority rule, policed by the courts. A great deal hangs, then, on the relative power of the majority and the judicial police.

Or a great deal hangs on the relative authority of democratic decision-making and philosophical argument. The stronger the claims made for philosophy, the harder it is to make the case for democracy. This is true even when philosophers themselves defend democracy, as Ackerman does, for that is not all that they defend. They also have arguments to make about basic rights and distributive justice—lively and valuable arguments if they are taken as contributions to the popular debate,

disturbing arguments if they are taken as independent and authoritative demands for state action. Ackerman's book is probably best read (whatever the author's intentions) as a contribution to the debate. It is a significant contribution, but I can't see anyone rushing into action on the basis of these hypothetical conversations. They are more often suggestive than conclusive. The book is an invitation to talk in a certain way—"Liberalism [is] a way of talking about power, a form of political culture"—and as the talk goes on and on it is likely to dawn on everyone involved that there is no such thing as the philosopher's stone.

Michael Walzer

*Michael Walzer is professor of government at the Institute for Advanced Study and author, most recently, of *Radical Principles: Reflections of an Unreconstructed Democrat* (Basic).*

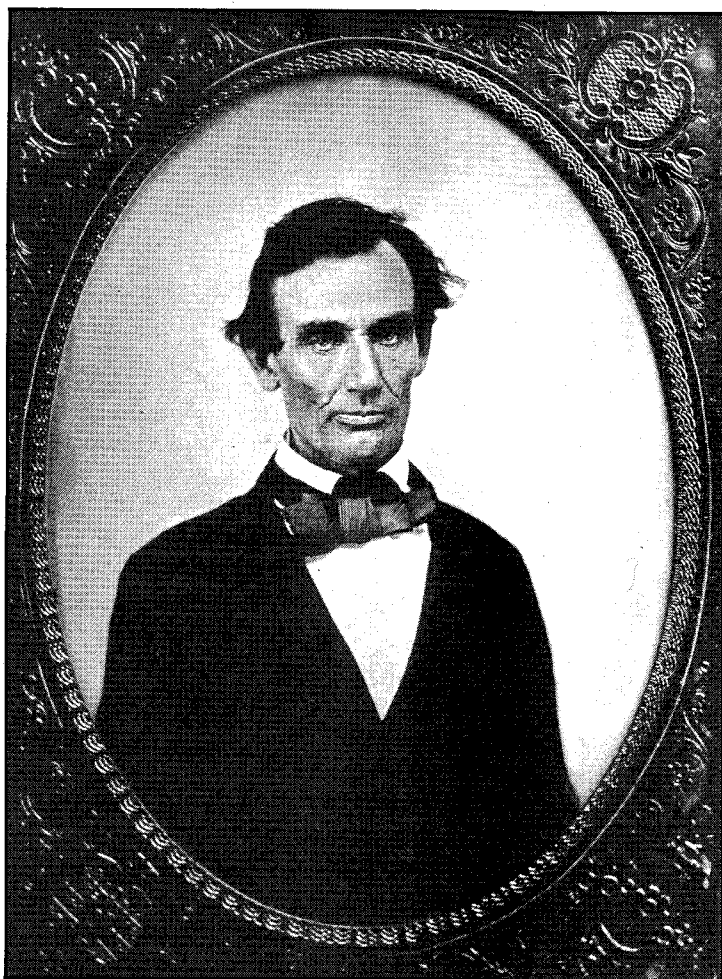
Abraham Lincoln and the Union by Oscar and Lilian Handlin

(Little, Brown; \$10.95)

Why another life of Lincoln? Because "there is something more to say," the Handlins contend in their preface, and they vow to depict a complex and compelling figure, whose personality was a combination of "strength and frailty, faith and skepticism, rationality and emotion," and whose genius was to articulate the thoughts of his countrymen.

The authors consider this slim book a serious Lincoln biography, but it is not that at all. A lackluster, superficial outline, it skims over Lincoln's embattled presidency in a mere 46 pages and offers few new insights into the man or his era. Worse still, the character that emerges is not richly human, as promised in the preface, but a bland and rumpled stick figure. In his youth, the Handlins' Lincoln is a melancholy hick searching for something to do, who finally takes up the law and makes a stab at politics. Despite a flair for words, he seems a born loser: his political career is marked by failure; he ekes out a paltry income on the law circuit, cares

little for money, and suffers from self-doubts. Somehow he overcomes his doubts to marry Mary Todd. But poor Lincoln! Mary turns out to be a hysteric who rages at everybody except her children. She drives Lincoln out of the house with her hectoring, rarely invites guests to dinner, and spends her husband's money recklessly. In the 1850s, a stick-whittling Lincoln returns to politics, going after the Senate seat of arch-rival Stephen A. Douglas. In the Little Giant's posturings on slavery and the territories, Lincoln discerns a conspiracy to nationalize slavery, and raises this issue in his 1858 debates with Douglas. Though the Handlins' Lincoln has no strong hatred of slavery, he recognizes it as a moral wrong and "hammers away" at adversaries who do not. "Old Abe"—for that is how the Handlins refer to him in the 1858 debates—loses his campaign for the Senate. But the debates make him a national figure, and in 1860 "the long-time loser who had continued to lose for more than a decade now grabbed the biggest prize of all."



Abraham Lincoln at the age of 49 (October 1, 1858).

The Face of Lincoln compiled and edited by James Mellon (Viking; \$75)

"He was in his plain two-horse barouche, and look'd very much worn and tired; the lines, indeed, of vast responsibilities, intricate questions, and demands of life and death, cut deeper than ever upon his dark brown face; yet all the old goodness, tenderness, sadness, and canny shrewdness, underneath the furrows. (I never see that man without feeling that he is one to become personally attach'd to, for his combination of purest, heartiest tenderness, and native western form of manliness.) By his side sat his little boy, of ten years. There were no soldiers, only a lot of civilians on horseback with huge yellow scarfs over their shoulders, riding around the carriage. . . . They pass'd me once very close, and I saw the President in the face fully, as they were moving slowly, and his look, though abstracted, happen'd to be directed steadily in my eye. He bow'd and smiled, but far beneath his smile I noticed well the expression I have alluded to. None of the artists or pictures has caught the deep, though subtle and indirect expression of this man's face. There is something else there. One of the great portrait painters of two or three centuries ago is needed."

—Walt Whitman, on seeing the president in Washington, DC, during the war (*Autobiographia*)

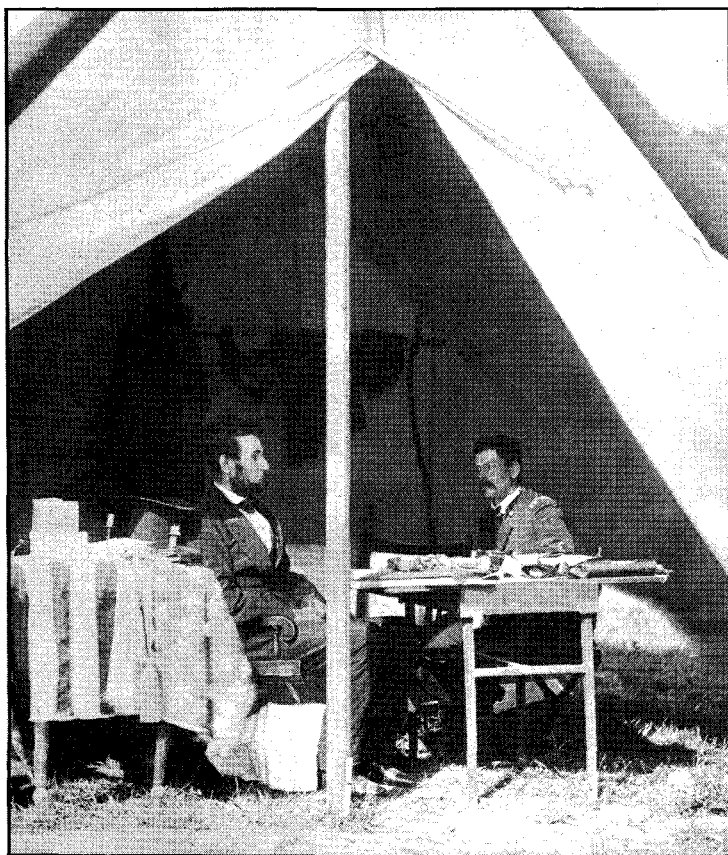
As president, the Handlins' Lincoln is compelled by the pressures of war to issue the Emancipation Proclamation, though privately he thinks that colonization is the ultimate solution to the race problem. Though not "the pleasant joker" of legend, this Lincoln does resemble the icon of mythology when it comes to reconstruction. Here again is a mild and moderate president who wants to restore the conquered south with tender magnanimity, reminding Yankee hotheads who want to punish Dixie that the constitution of reconstructed Louisiana is fairer to Negroes than that of Illinois. But by this point the story is so muddled that we are not certain whether Lincoln is dead or alive. Near the beginning of the last chapter, the authors bring on John Wilkes Booth "to deliver the fatal bullet," then jump back to Gettysburg (though the famous address is treated in the previous chapter), then race from Gettysburg to Sherman's march in five paragraphs, get Lincoln reelected, and abruptly end the story with his second inaugural and the insipid statement that "For decades the

tones echoed in the hearts of his countrymen."

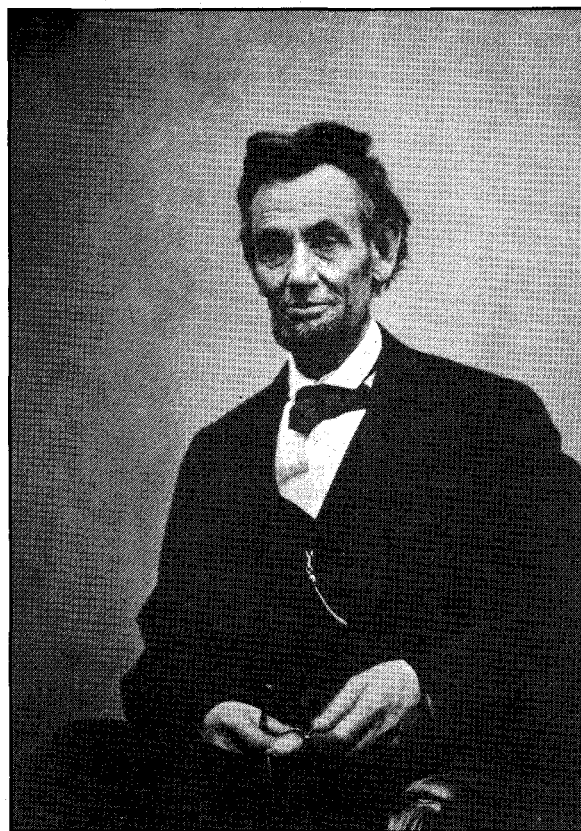
It is hard to know what to make of this unhappy little book. It fails as biography, for it never brings Lincoln to life. What is worse, the authors seem astonishingly unfamiliar with the Lincoln story and the Civil War era, what with all the errors, omissions, and lapses in scholarship that mar their work. For example, Lincoln and the Long Nine did not logroll left and right to get the Illinois capital relocated in Springfield. Congressman Paul Simon's *Preparation for Greatness* is not about the 1850s, but about Lincoln's legislative career. Lincoln did not lose to Douglas in 1858 because seats in the legislature were malapportioned. Lincoln did his most rewarding legal work not on the circuit, but in the Illinois Supreme Court, where he earned sizable fees and a reputation as "a lawyer's lawyer." By the 1850s, in fact, Lincoln was a wealthy railroad lawyer, proud of his status and income. Moreover, he loathed the nickname "Abe" and went by "Mr. Lincoln" or just "Lincoln," even among his closest

friends. True, he was not an abolitionist before the war. But he hated slavery—hated it as much as any abolitionist—and asserted that bondage "had the power of making me miserable." Regardless of what the Handlins suggest about the glamour of the presidency, it was actually a humdrum administrative office in the 1850s. For his part, Lincoln preferred a seat in the Senate, because in the antebellum years it was the Senate that featured the eminent orators of the day and that afforded him the best opportunity to display his forensic talents.

As far as the Lincoln marriage is concerned, I am dismayed by the Handlins' slanted portrait of Mary. They seem oblivious to the modern scholarship about this maligned and misunderstood woman. True, the Lincolns had their spats. And true, Mary was insecure, neurotic about money, given to headaches and outbursts of temper. Yet she was also a charming and graceful hostess, an affectionate mother, and a loyal wife who shared Lincoln's love of politics and was fiercely proud of him. In



President Lincoln conferring with General McClellan (October 3, 1862).



Lincoln at the age of 56 (1865).

their zeal to denigrate Mary, the Handlins do not tell us that Lincoln himself was hard to live with. He was moody, lapsed into abstractions, often answered the door in his stocking feet, and liked to lie in the hallway and read newspapers aloud. Before he and Mary were married, Lincoln also suffered from fears of intimacy and "nervous debility" with women. But Mary clearly helped him on this score, gave him the tender support and understanding he needed to overcome his anxieties, for they developed a strong and lasting physical love for one another.

But you would never guess this from the Handlins' biography. Nor would you know what sets Lincoln apart from other presidents, beyond the obtuse and inaccurate contention that he expressed the often unarticulated thoughts of his countrymen. In point of fact, a majority of his countrymen in 1860 thought him too radical to occupy the White House. As for Lincoln's leadership, the Handlins ignore the central element of his greatness—his profound sense of history. Nowhere in this vol-

ume do we glimpse the visionary figure who defended America's experiment in popular government—and the hope it held out to people the world over—more eloquently than anybody of his generation. Nowhere do we see the Lincoln who scanned the past and future of the Republic, convinced that America and the world were caught up in an epochal historical crisis. In his view, an aggressive slave power was conspiring not only to nationalize slavery, but to discredit and destroy the cherished Declaration of Independence and to restore class, caste, and despotism. Should that happen, Lincoln feared, then the world's best hope—America's experiment in popular government—would be expunged, and humankind would spin backward into feudalism.

Thus when the Civil War came, Lincoln pronounced it a conflict with vast global and historical consequences. And he fought it through to a total victory, so that government of, by, and for all the people might survive upon the earth. In the process, he smashed the institution of human bondage, thereby

removing the cause of the war and breaking the chains of several million oppressed Americans. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation was the most revolutionary measure ever to come from an American president. In an unprecedented use of federal authority, Lincoln employed Union military power to obliterate a state institution, liberate an enslaved race, and attack a ruling class whose very existence depended upon human bondage.

In the matter of reconstruction, Lincoln was not a saintly figure clinging to America's mythical middle course. As Harold Hyman, Herman Belz, Peyton McCrary, Hans Trefousse, Bruce Catton, and other scholars have demonstrated, Lincoln eventually endorsed a fairly tough policy toward the conquered rebel states. By 1864, he had abandoned colonization as a workable solution to racial adjustment and had decided that blacks and whites in Dixie somehow must learn to live together. And he was not far from the position of the so-called Radicals on Negro suffrage. In the last winter of the war, he

privately acknowledged that he wanted the intelligent ex-slaves, and especially those who fought in his ranks, to have the ballot. And in his last speech on April 11, 1865 (a speech the Handlins do not discuss), Lincoln went beyond this position to declare that all men deserved the right to vote. As the war ended, Lincoln and his Cabinet secretaries unanimously agreed that an army of occupation would likely be needed to safeguard Negro freedom in the defeated south, maintain law and order, and control the rebellious white majority there. In other words, the president already was considering in 1865 what Congress would later adopt in the days of "Radical Reconstruction." In sum, Lincoln desired to bring the south into the mainstream of American republicanism, to install a free-labor system there for blacks as well as whites, to establish public schools for both races, to look after the welfare of the freedmen, to grant them access to the ballot and the courts—to build a new south dedicated, like Lincoln, to the Declaration of Independence and the preservation of popular government for all generations to come.

This firm and liberal statesman can-

not be found in the Handlins' biography. And that is unfortunate, because in this dismal election year Americans could profit from an insightful new life of that remarkable man. In reading it, we could ruminate on how far the Republicans have degenerated from the progressive party that nominated Abraham Lincoln to the reactionary organization now serving up Ronald Reagan. If a sense of history is what distinguishes great presidents, then we are in for a wretched time. For our choice is between a Republican whose historical awareness is rooted in the chimerical land of frontier mythology, and a Democrat who has a romantic view of the Confederacy and ranks *Gone With the Wind* as his favorite movie. Compared to them, even James Buchanan would seem refreshing.

Stephen B. Oates

Stephen B. Oates is the author of *With Malice Toward None* (New American Library) and other books on Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War era. He is currently at work on a biography of Martin Luther King Jr., to be published by Harper & Row.

after World War II saw inflation, more than depression, as "the clear and present economic danger of our times and one that is potentially more destructive of the values and amenities of economic life." As Keynes had exorcised the demon of depression and mass unemployment, Galbraith set out to rid capitalist democracy of inflation.

The solution has proved a lot harder to find than he supposed. The World War II experience which this book covers is not, as he now acknowledges, directly relevant to the present situation. This is not, he says, because the economy of World War II was essentially different from the model toward which the peacetime economy has been tending, nor because the wartime mood was imbued with patriotism. ("None of us concerned with wartime administration noticed any such diminished interest in personal or corporate money-making.") But, Galbraith concedes, in at least two respects the wartime experience is no longer relevant. One is that, thanks to the hangover of unemployed human and material resources from the Great Depression, the elasticity of supply during World War II was great, so the rapid rise in wartime demand did not quickly exceed the productive capabilities of the economy.

The other difference was that there was then total confidence in the dollar. During the Depression, indeed, as prices fell, dollars were better than goods. So, during the war, people were glad to work not only for goods but for dollars to hold. Galbraith asserts that the personal savings rate rose to an "almost unbelievably high" level in 1944, which he mistakenly gives as 36.5 percent of personal income. In 1944 personal savings totaled \$36.5 billion; this was 22.2 percent of personal income, which totaled \$165.7 billion that year.

Nevertheless, if his data are wrong, his point is valid. The personal savings rate, as a percentage of disposable (after-tax) personal income, was 25.1 percent in 1944 compared to 4.5 percent in 1979 and a mere 3.7 percent in the first quarter of 1980. As the very low savings rates of the past year exacerbated inflation, the very high wartime rates relieved it, since unspent income did not press on markets.

This made possible what Galbraith called, in a striking theoretical contribution, "the Disequilibrium System" of the wartime economy, in which aggregate money demand (more precisely, potential demand) substantially ex-

A Theory of Price Control by John Kenneth Galbraith

(Harvard University Press; \$2.95)

In 1952, when John Kenneth Galbraith first published this slim volume (which Harvard University Press has now reissued, with the cover line, "the Classic Account"), his immediate purpose was to demonstrate why price controls had worked so effectively during World War II—and why they could be expected to work well during the Korean War or subsequent periods of national crisis. But his deeper purpose—and one that has informed his entire output as an economist—was to oppose the view of most of his fellow economists that price controls necessarily would foul up the self-adjusting market economy. Against their model Galbraith set forth his view of the modern economy as one dominated by powerful institutions—highly concentrated industries and big labor unions. In such an economy, controls were not an aberration but a necessity.

And government price and wage controls could work in what he later called "the new industrial state" because they simply replaced the *private* controls imposed by the strong industries and unions. In Galbraith's witty tautology, "It is relatively easy to fix prices that are already fixed."

Galbraith's decision to republish this book in 1980 again has the aim of checking serious inflation—"far more serious," he says in a new introduction, "than anything that was experienced during World War II" when he was for a time the chief price-fixer. But more than ever, he has come to regard his message on the necessity of price controls as essential to the effective and balanced performance of an advanced industrial economy whose main disease is chronic inflation. To his great credit, Galbraith from the period immediately

ceeded the available supply of goods and services. In part it was, as some economists called it, a "forced equilibrium" system. Full utilization of resources without rapid inflation was made possible in such a system by a comprehensive set of direct controls over the use of resources, by price controls, and by selective rationing to reinforce price controls in those markets that approximated conditions of pure competition. While the disequilibrium or forced equilibrium system worked quite well on the whole, Galbraith in his original edition called the rationing performance "the greatest wartime failure of the United States."

He was being a bit hyperbolic, as is his wont. Unquestionably World War II restored America to full employment without undue inconvenience to the civilian population and without unleashing ferocious inflation. But Galbraith seems hyperbolic on the other side in asserting that "inflation is not part of the memory or history of the war." The Consumer Price Index rose from 44.1 to 53.9 in 1945—a 22.2 percent increase, a bit more than five percent per year. There was also (which he denies) a measure of latent inflation, partly stored up by those unusually high wartime savings rates. When controls were lifted in 1946, over Galbraith's and other liberal Democrats' opposition, the CPI did climb sharply. In 1947 it reached 66.9, 14.3 percent higher than in 1946 and 24 percent higher than in 1945. Thereafter, however, inflation settled down to a slow creep of only about two percent per year—until the Vietnam War.

The question is whether anything resembling the wartime controls which Galbraith still celebrates would be workable in today's economic and political environment. The climate of opinion, especially on the part of business and labor, has turned more strongly against government regulation and controls. Even in World War II, as Galbraith conceded more than three decades ago, the controllers met fierce resistance from those controlled. Galbraith himself was a clobbered target of business and its allies in Congress. He lost out in a power struggle within the Office of Price Administration when Prentiss Brown, a former senator from Michigan, took over from Leon Henderson as chief of OPA and installed as his deputy Lou Maxon, the head of a large Detroit advertising agency, whom Galbraith regarded as the personification of the twin evils of powerful oligopoly and

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salesmanship. Galbraith resigned.

And when he came to write these remembrances of price controls soon after the war, he dealt almost entirely with the economic theory of controls. "I have had comparatively little to say," he wrote, "about the administration of controls or of the almost uniquely ardent political atmosphere in which the price-fixer works." He added that anyone who had worked with controls would insist that "of the various facets of the price-fixer's task—economic, administrative and political—I have dealt with the easiest."

Administration is the hardest part, as he observes, because it is impossible to administer price or wage controls without doing damage to the fortunes of individuals and businesses—"if not in an absolute sense, then in relation to opportunity." The price controller denies people income they have had or could have. And in our system those people and businesses will fight back and use whatever means—legislators or administrators—to get what they regard as their own back. Hence the system of controls, effective for a time, is likely to decay and finally to break down—and to cause greater distortions to the economy and inequities to individuals as it grows more arbitrary and distorted by the influences of the powerful.

Is there no way out, other than the even more "classic" solutions of periodic recessions or depressions to break the momentum of inflation or chronic underemployment and industrial slack, to keep prices and wages under continuous pressure?

Two new solutions have now been proposed. One is the "supply-side economics" of rising incentives to save, invest, and produce, which, it is hoped, will increase productivity and aggregate supply enough to keep in step with, or even to run above, aggregate demand. The other solution is for tax-based incomes policies to provide fiscal incentives for business and labor to moderate their price and wage decisions to the rate of productivity advance. Both solutions still need to be tested in the real world—and the tests may soon be forthcoming.

But Professor Galbraith has never lost his preference for the good old war-time controls, perhaps in a stripped-down variant for times of peace. In every great life there is a seminal experience, and his came when he more or less ran the American economy as a price-

fixer. But he stresses that the Disequilibrium System of World War II cannot work in the normal circumstances of peace—that price controls now would have to be backed by "a restrained fiscal policy, continued limits on bank lending, direct restraint, and effective energy conservation with the resulting release of pressure on the price of oil."

Even with all that, he believes that controls will remain essential to the prevention of inflation, given the concentrated power of big business and big

labor. However, his favorite horse having been scratched by history, Galbraith ought to be looking for a new mount instead of indulging in the pardonable nostalgia of old soldiers and economic mobilizers.

Leonard Silk

Leonard Silk, the economic affairs columnist of the *New York Times*, is co-author, with his son Mark, of *The American Establishment* (Basic Books).

Horn of Africa by Philip Caputo

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; \$12.95)

In *Horn of Africa* Philip Caputo endeavors to present a "personal vision of the nature of violence and to show what happens when a certain kind of man is placed in a condition in which he is free to exceed the bounds of acceptable human conduct." Jeremy Nordstrand is this "certain kind of man." An imperious figure with bear-like strength, Nordstrand and two other US intelligence agents undertake a secret mission to Ethiopia. Its purpose is to smuggle arms to a warlike Islamic tribe, the Beni-Hamid, to help them fight the central Ethiopian government. Nordstrand's motivation, however, has nothing to do with the purposes of his superiors. He joins the mission hoping to find a place where he can follow his murderous impulses without restraint. He is no stranger to war. Reminiscing about his years as a Special Forces officer, he exalts the experience of combat but complains that Vietnam was "the most oversupervised war in history. Rules-and-regs men all over the goddamned place. Always some inferior looking over your shoulder to make sure you didn't do anything that would upset some scumsucking senator's breakfast." The mission to Ethiopia will be different: "It'll be war in an empty place."

For Nordstrand's two accomplices, Patrick Moody and Charlie Gage, the journey to the land of the Beni-Hamid is a perilous exile from society. "The closer we came," notes Gage, "the closer I felt to the edge of things, to the point where the strands tethering us to civ-

ilization would stretch, fray and cease to hold." For Nordstrand, by contrast, the mission offers a chance to betray conventions he thoroughly detests. Through ruthlessness he achieves his goal of moral outlawry. When Moody, the mission's appointed commander, tries to discipline Nordstrand, the tables are turned and Moody is humiliated by physical and psychological torture. On another occasion Nordstrand proves his immunity to compunction by shooting and beheading five prisoners, an act that propels him, in Gage's apt description, beyond "the tug of society's moral gravity."

Nordstrand's savagery, along with his knowledge of modern warfare, wins him the worshipful admiration of the Beni-Hamid. After leading them to victories over the Ethiopians, he is inducted into their tribe, a ceremony he relishes as a final shedding of his Western cultural inheritance. But his triumph is short lived. He is blinded by disease and crippled by a leg wound. Without his leadership the Beni-Hamid are routed and the agents forced to flee. In a final, harrowing encounter with the desert, a trek in which survival calls for drinking water out of dead camels' bellies, Moody kills himself and Gage kills Nordstrand. "I took out my pistol and shot him," says Gage. "Twice. Twice in the head."

Horn of Africa is a novel without heroes, a chronicle suffused with bitterness and a sense of doom. Nordstrand is described as "the embodiment of all that is wrong with our crippled natures."

But he is also portrayed as prototypically American. The son of "middle class followers of the Middle West's middle way," he is "an exponent of old fashioned, red-white-and-blue rugged American individualism pushed to its logical extreme." Caputo's tale is a searing attack on American values, an up-to-date elaboration of D. H. Lawrence's famous judgment that "the essential American soul is hard, isolate, stoic and a killer."

Caputo's damning portrayal of Nordstrand and his cohorts is overlaid by an equally dim view of the Beni-Hamid and the other tribes and factions which claim to constitute a liberation movement. Though the rebels fight in the name of self-determination, Caputo pictures them more as bandits than as revolutionaries. The Beni-Hamid are nomadic Moslems, zealously orthodox and stubbornly backward. Ruled by Chief Jima, they seem to fight not for a purpose but simply out of an inbred urge to sustain tradition. Their rival, the FLN—Front for National Liberation—is even worse: a primitive dictatorship led by a clique of officers trained in Libya, Iraq, and Russia. Their education is said to have produced only one effect: a hardening of the heart "so that they could . . . commit without qualms of conscience those acts of cruelty required for establishing the New Order."

The political sensibility behind Caputo's examination of power and its dangers is essentially anti-political. Evil adheres to every brand of politics encountered in *Horn of Africa*. Indeed the more sincerely someone embraces politics the more evil he becomes. Thus it is that Kasu Murrah, an African rebel and Caputo's most ideologically sophisticated character, is also in a way the most frightening. Nordstrand's killing is at least a personal affair. Murrah, on the other hand, striving to bring modernity to the desert, is a would-be Stalin. "The nomads are our kulaks," he declares. "We should solve their problem as the Soviets solved the problem. . . . Annihilate them." Caputo's disgust with politics, however, involves more than its peculiar power to license the worst human impulses. The disgust also stems from a suspicion that politics is ultimately impotent in the face of the world's suffering. "Poverty and misery were all I saw," Gage notes after visiting an Ethiopian town. "The sort of poverty no revolution could eradicate."

Horn of Africa is an ambitious work meant to last beyond the vagaries of a

single literary season and to say something of permanence about the human condition. Caputo succeeds when he describes the psychological effect of violence upon its perpetrators and victims, a subject of which he proved his mastery in *Rumor of War*, a powerful account of his experiences as a soldier in Vietnam. The scenes of combat and torture that dot *Horn of Africa* bring to a sharp focus his vision of human wickedness and the weaknesses that nourish it. Nordstrand, Moody, and Gage all commit senseless murders because each one of them has, to paraphrase the narrator, too little resistance to the urgings of personal demons. And throughout the novel, in situations where bullies are themselves horribly bullied, Caputo emphasizes the extent to which men will degrade themselves in the face of superior power. Caputo sees the violence of human nature, then, as more akin to the cowardly aggressions of hyenas than the majestic hostility of lions. It is a view expressed with eloquence by language that is unadorned but vivid.

Caputo runs into trouble, however, when he too obviously strives to make *Horn of Africa* weighty. He puts Nietzsche

into his narrative by propping a paperback copy of *Beyond Good and Evil* into Nordstrand's hands and filling his mouth with drivel about supermen. And while Caputo never expressly mentions Conrad, his influence hovers over *Horn of Africa*. It is an obtrusive presence that Caputo encourages. His description of the Nile seems to parody Conrad's description of the Congo. Conrad called his imagined journey to the interior of the Congo *The Heart of Darkness*. Caputo speaks of a section of Vietnam as "the Forest of Darkness." Conrad's Kurtz uttered "The horror! The horror!" as he was about to die. Caputo's Nordstrand screams "I see! I see!" at that same penultimate moment. This evocation of literary ancestors produces unnecessary contrivance. Nordstrand's philosophical rantings are neither articulate nor profound; they are simply a device for explicating ideas and motives that Caputo, with the more subtle tools of dialogue and characterization, had already made clear. Moreover, his image of the Nietzsche-obsessed Vietnam veteran suffers from staleness: Robert Stone used it effectively several years ago in his novel *Dog Soldiers*. The pall of overuse similarly spoils Caputo's manip-



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ulation of Conradian motifs. For in the wake of the film *Apocalypse Now* and other cultural offerings which have portrayed Kurtz-like figures, the imagery of *Heart of Darkness* has been substantially robbed of its metaphorical resonance.

Finally, there is a problem that Caputo to himself identifies in the author's note preceding his novel, where he confesses to committing "literary imperialism" in writing *Horn of Africa*. Referring to himself, he observes: "what arrogance to place a non-existent province on the map of one of Africa's oldest nations, and then populate it with an imaginary black-Arab tribe." Caputo's note distinguishes him as one of the few writers who have had the sensitivity to articulate misgivings about portraying black Africa through the lens of a white Western consciousness. When Richard Gilman voiced similar misgivings in 1968 in these very pages, he was widely sneered at, for it was said by some that doubts of this sort pose a threat to the autonomy of artistic imagination. To my mind, however, the self-consciousness expressed by Gilman and Caputo is salutary and overdue. This self-consciousness shows that these writers are attentive to the cultural and political assumptions embodied in their work and the ideological manipulation to which their work will be subject. Inquiry into these areas is especially needed now in order to understand the political-cultural forces that have played a part in creating the vogueishness surrounding Africa as a literary topic, a vogueishness exploited not only by the highbrow talents of the Naipauls, John Updike, and

Edward Hoagland, but also by the middlebrow skills of such popular novelists as James Michener, Robert Crichton, and William Stevenson.

Caputo is right, then, in calling our attention to the presence of literary imperialism. He is wrong, though, when he suggests that the problem resides in the peculiar hubris of artists, their insistence upon allowing their imaginations to roam freely over alien lands. For the problem lies in something far more common—a cultural chauvinism that afflicts not only artists but also, and perhaps more importantly, their audience. The problem is that white observers for centuries have offered writings about Africa which represent neither factual reportage nor inventive creation, but mere confirmation of settled biases. Caputo, unfortunately and despite his disclaimers, is part of this long tradition. On the one hand he ratifies

an iconography of Islam that is both familiar and demeaning. Employing a set of popular images, he reduces a complicated religious culture to a flattened stereotype: the fanatical, incompetent, and treacherous Moslem. On the other hand he posits a judgment on African history which echoes with Western condescension. Disdainful of Africa's past, Hegel wrote over a century ago that it "is no historical part of the world." Commenting on Africa's prospects, V. S. Naipaul recently declared that "Africa has no future." Disturbed by Africa's present, Caputo conjures up a hateful wind that whispers "No hope. . . . No hope."

Randall Kennedy

Randall Kennedy's essays and reviews have appeared in *Harper's* and the *New York Times Book Review*.

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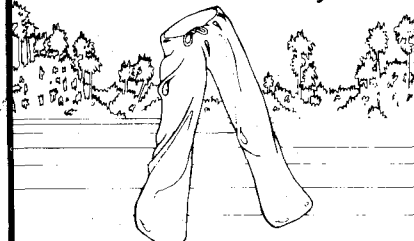
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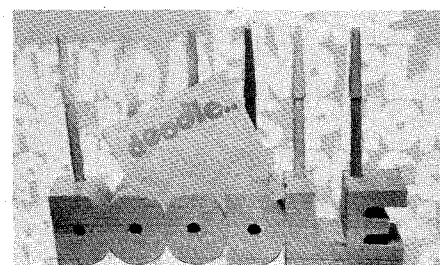
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It's not only Jimmy Carter who is frantic as we get closer to November 4. Those who just a few months back were his detractors, frantic then in their enthusiasm for Ted Kennedy lest Carter have four more years in the White House, are now frantic at the specter of Ronald Reagan. They seem now to have forgotten all the dreadful Reaganesque characteristics they imputed to the president only a short time ago. The most forgetful of the imputers are Kennedy's beautiful people—the less said of their political sagacity the better—and two trade unions, the United Auto Workers and AFSCME, among whose leaders I count good and valued friends. Jimmy Carter has owed their members much more than he has repaid simply by sending Leonard Woodcock to Beijing. These self-consciously “progressive” elements of the labor movement in 1976 helped derail Henry Jackson, George Meany's candidate, by putting out the myth that if Carter didn't beat George Wallace big in Florida, Wallace would go on to win the Democratic nomination. But you can't easily build Carter up, then cut him down, then build him up again, without wearing out your own credibility and your candidate's too.

Jimmy Carter refused to debate Ted Kennedy during the primary season, but this week in Washington the president is only too willing to appear with the senator at what's billed as a “Carter/Kennedy Unity Celebration.” What in the world are they celebrating? That's been explained to me in an unbelievably complicated “Dear Martin. . . . Sincerely, Bob” letter which comes along with every invitation. Co-chairing the dinner with Robert Strauss are some Kennedy cousins whose chore in life is to assure that Kennedy money is never spent on Kennedy campaigns. Kennedy has a primary debt of \$1.6 million; Carter also has one, a third the size. At \$1,000 a plate, you can help retire these debts, unless you've already given \$1,000 each to both campaigns, the legal maximum. There are many big givers who routinely give the limit to all contenders. These bet-hedgers will have to stay home. But folk who'd given only to Kennedy's campaign can now contribute to pay off Carter's debt. Jimmy's helpers can now help Ted. People who cared for neither are allowed to give to both. I'll stay home, thank you. President Carter's debt, we're told, “must [be

taken] care of in order to raise the remainder of the money necessary to conduct the general election campaign.” More money for Carter/Mondale on top of the \$29 million the feds produce? Not exactly. But you'll need expensive lawyers to figure out how the parties evade the laws.

Like many TNR readers you may still be looking for a reason other than Ronald Reagan to vote for Jimmy Carter. Here's another reason not to. Don Oberdorfer reports in the *Washington Post* that the administration plans an all-out effort to obtain the release of US hostages in Iran by election day. Better an all-out effort now, I suppose, than never. And if that effort is successful, that's certainly much better than a failure. But the Carter administration has tried over the last year to pass off its passivity as a virtue and only now, when the president is about to lose the presidency, is the administration actually “scrambling,” as the *Boston Globe* put it, to get the hostages freed. Yet the scrambling is just another indication of how bereft of ideas it is, and how bereft of power it believes the country has become: what the US is now scrambling to do is get some third country to provide spare munitions parts to Iran—though it's also ostensibly defending Saudi Arabia from Iran—as part of a hostage release deal. And Carter would doubtless say that any American who wouldn't give arms to Iran doesn't care about our hostages.

Every so often the editors of *TNR* give lunch to a public figure in order to absorb some of his wisdom. Last week we broke bread with Abba Eban, whose elegant and evocative English as Israel's pre-Begin spokesman in the world's debating societies so thrilled my immigrant mother. Eban uses the language more tellingly—and also tautly and wryly—than anyone I've ever encountered in public life. One of the consequences of the Iraq-Iran war, he points out, was that George Ball was on television for all of seven minutes without blaming Israel for anything. This is no small effect, given Ball's inclination to blame Israel for everything. What's been shattered, though, is not only Ball's view of the Middle East, but the administration's, and Zbigniew Brzezinski's in particular. In this view, it is Israeli intransigence that impedes stability in the region. So let us imagine for

the moment that the West Bank is handed to the PLO and that Arafat rules from Jerusalem, and then let's ask these questions: Would Iran not have seized and still be holding our hostages? Would Iran and Iraq not now be warring? Would the Soviets not be occupying Afghanistan? Would the Syrians not be in conflict with Iraq? Would Libya not be financing international terrorism? Would the Saudi monarchy be more secure? Would Lebanon be at peace with itself? Would oil flow more steadily and at lower prices? To all of these questions and other related ones the answer is “no.”

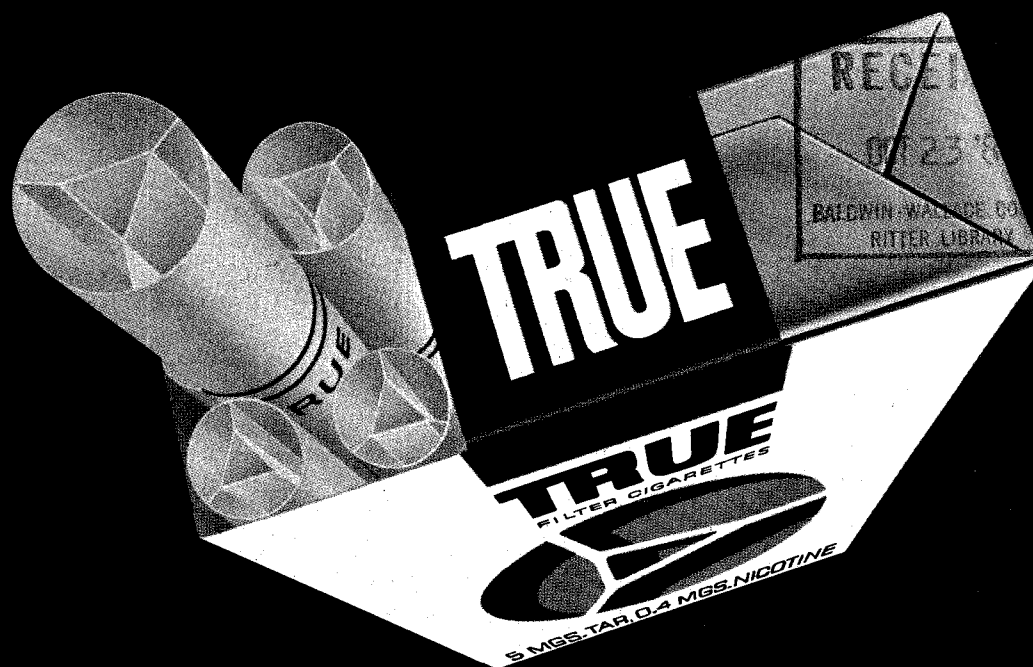
Believe me, I find nothing attractive about the prospect of Ronald Reagan as president. Then why don't we editorialize against him much more than we do? One reason is that you need no persuading on this score. Jimmy Carter wants frantically to persuade everyone he can, and he's been saying some awful things about Reagan. Some of what he has said, the columnists tell us, has backfired, particularly that stuff about how a Reagan victory would mean that “America might be separated, blacks from whites, Jews from Christians, North from South, rural from urban.” This is, it seems to me, a classic case of projection. No other presidential candidate in memory has made his election more a regional issue than Carter, threatening sullen southern resentment as retribution for his defeat. The *New York Times* reminded us editorially of Carter's 1976 pitch for the “ethnic purity” of neighborhoods. Since then, however, the president has been playing the other side of the racial street, emphasizing the ethnic diversity of his entourage when he can't say much about its wisdom or accomplishments. And as for anti-Semitism, it was Carter who willingly let blacks believe the falsehood that pressure from Jews forced him to fire Andrew Young; and it is Carter who has never publicly reproached brother Billy for his ugly remarks against Jews, and who, after those remarks were uttered and re-uttered, put Billy forward as an emissary to the Libyans. And yes, of course I've got misgivings about some of the born-again crowd around Reagan, but I remember that it was Carter himself who paved the way for that kind of religiosity as a factor to be exploited in our politics.

M.P.

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